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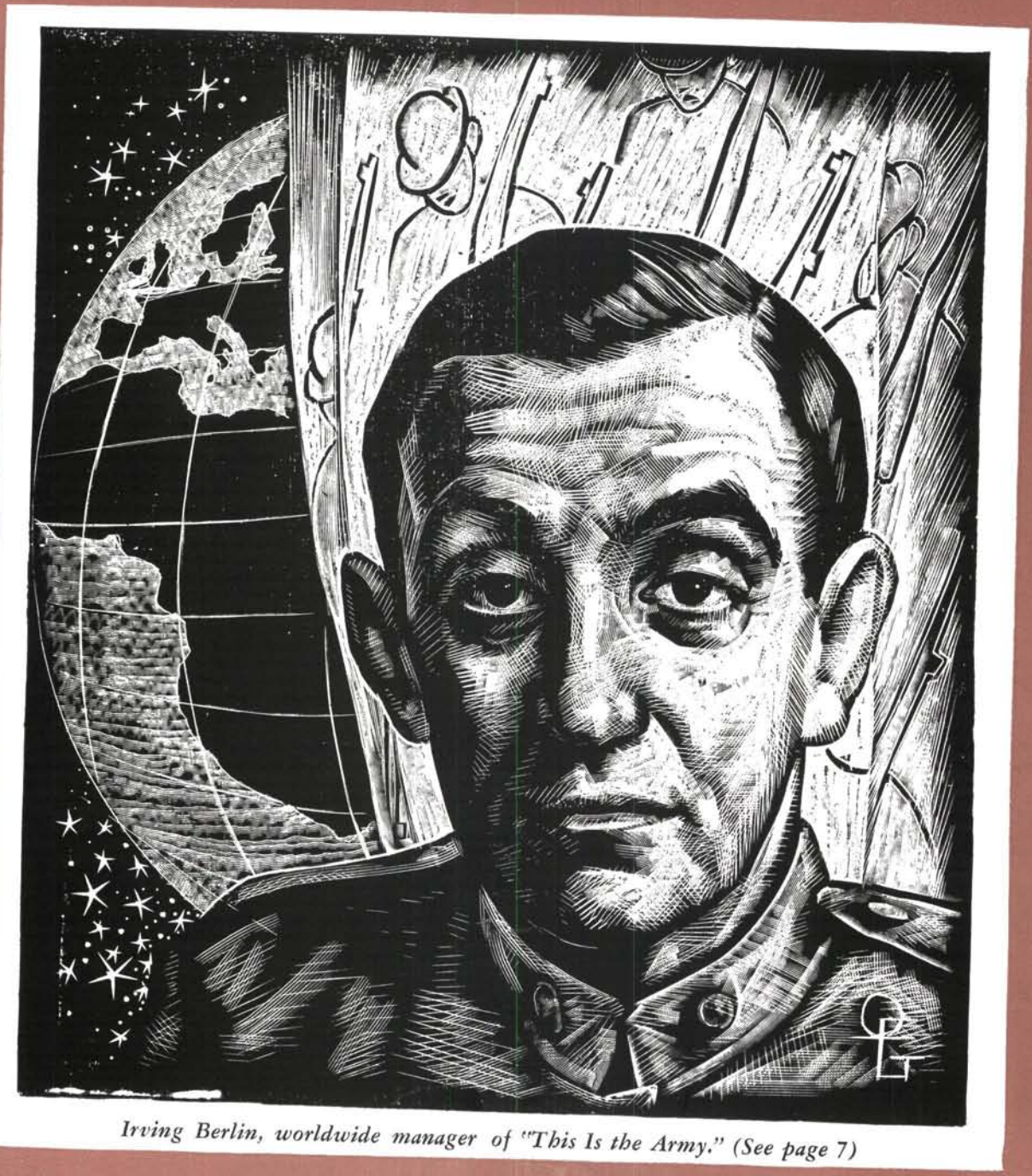

Irving Berlin, worldwide manager of "This Is the Army." *(See page 7)*

Reunion with Broadway

By SERGEANT MILTON ROSENSTOCK

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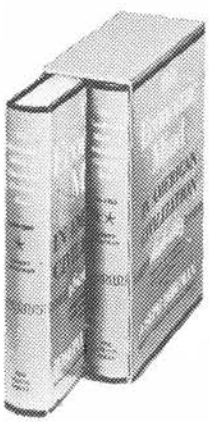

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Annual Music Issue

PAUL HENRY LANG DOUGLAS MOORE
Guest Editors

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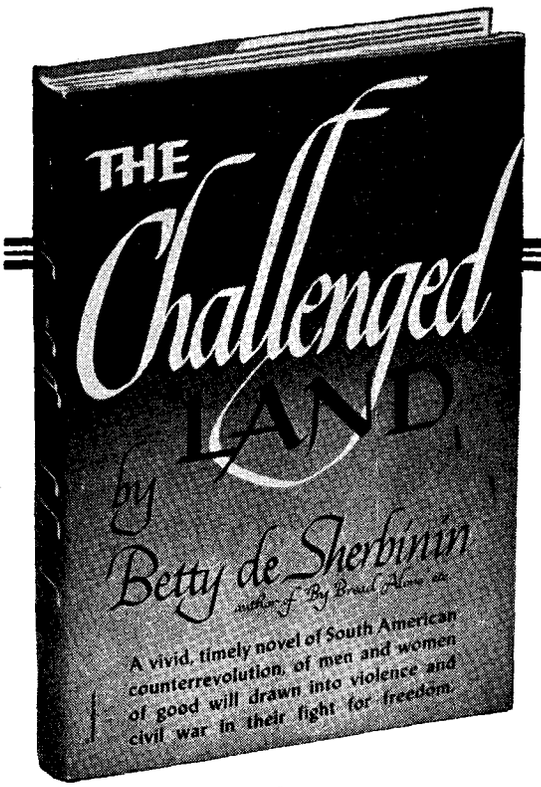
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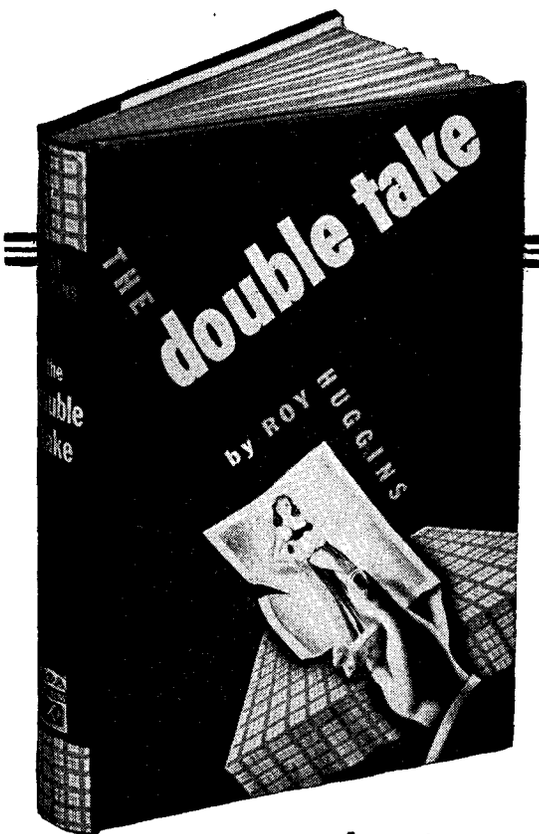

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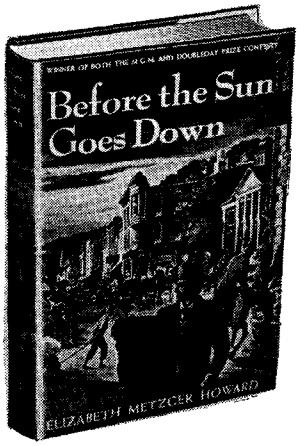

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And so she became an author...

ONE OF our authors is very surprised that she *is* an author. Three years ago, if she had filled out one of those official forms that wants to know Occupation, she would probably have written "housewife—part-time teacher". She is Elizabeth Mallett Conger, a young matron who lives in Staten Island, has a busy lawyer husband, and three sons spaced between the ages of eight and thirteen.

It's another one of those stories about how books happen. Sometime in 1942 two of our editors visited the Reading Clinic at New York University on a piece of business entirely unrelated to Elizabeth Mallett Conger, who was then teaching there a few days a week. She had a class of "slow readers", boys twelve and thirteen years old with the reading ability of children six or seven. One of her difficulties was that at that time there were no books that fitted her problem children. A boy with a normal twelve-year-old's interests is not going to be thrilled to read six-year-old material—cat chased rat, foxy loxy and chicken little, and all such; hence these boys not only couldn't read but hated the whole idea of reading.

Elizabeth Conger took the sensible way out. She knew that the boys were interested in airplanes. They loved pictures of them, even though they couldn't read the books and magazines about them. Why not write very simple pieces to go with an airplane picture, giving all the factual data about a plane that a boy loves? She tried it, and mimeographed several pieces. Of course the boys read them, and clamored for more. Their reading ability was improving without their being aware of it. That was the way the first book on aircraft for younger children (8-10) got written. It was called AMERICAN WARPLANES and it became a popular selection of the *Junior Literary Guild.*

Perhaps it was her sons who advised her, or some of her young friends at the clinic, but the next subject that proved equally interesting to her boys was the vehicles of the ground forces that mechanized war had brought into use. At the time there was only one technical book on the subject for adults, and nothing for young boys. She had to get most of her material from the Army and from newspapers and magazines. That became the book called AMERICAN TANKS AND TANK DESTROYERS, and it too was chosen by the *Junior Literary Guild.* It described light, medium, and heavy tanks; half-tracks, motorcycles, jeeps, peeps and seeps, scout cars, trucks, ducks, and bulldozers. Like AMERICAN WARPLANES, it was filled with good clear photographs.

Then it was that Mrs. Conger's sons moved in with a demand. They said, "You've done the air forces and the ground forces. Now you've got to do the Navy because that's the best of all." (It's usually true that the Navy awakens more sentiment in young and old than any other branch of the service.) So our author set to work, and really had a good time. She found that the Navy has the most thrilling official photographs and she used a lot of them. She told about every branch of the service—submarine, amphibious landing force, air arm, Marines, Coast Guard, and Seabees. She described factually every type of ship now in the Navy and she told dramatic hero stories of the war along the way. She told how one names ships; most people know that battleships are named for states, submarines for fish, and so on, but few know how they name all kinds of auxiliary ships and tenders. And the nicknames! The *California* is the "Prune Barge", the *Chicago* is "Gangster Ship" or "Gun Moll", and one of the finest is the nickname of a rusty barge that skimmed waste oil out of the water at Pearl Harbor. She's "Juicy Lucy".

The Navy book, called SHIPS OF THE FLEET, is published this week, and it completes the trio for all the ten-year-olds who loved the first two volumes.

Elizabeth Conger did a useful job in putting these books together. She worked hard gathering the information from the most unlikely and widely separated spots, and often sitting down between appointments in places like Wanamaker's bus terminal to write a page or two covering what she had just learned. In fact, she was quite tired one day when she came in to see us, and she said she was a little fed up with all this research. She felt like having fun, and she'd written down a purely imaginary story that required no research. Her boys thought it was pretty good; they'd laughed at it, and so had their friends. It turned out to be VALERY, that wild tale of the cow in the bedroom. She must have been very fed up to go into such a fine tailspin of lunacy and it not only did her good, but delighted us and eventually thousands of readers, and was chosen as an Honor Book in the *New York Herald Tribune* Spring Book Festival. So, Elizabeth Mallett Conger is an author, and as we said before, surprised to be one. But we shall always hold ourselves in readiness to be surprised when she comes to visit. We keep wondering what she's going to write the next time she gets fed up.

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Reunion with Broadway

SERGEANT MILTON ROSENSTOCK

The author of the following account of the world tour of the Army's greatest single venture in the field of music and the theatre, the "This Is the Army" show, served as its musical conductor. The show was conceived by and was continuously under the personal supervision of Irving Berlin —the Sergeant Berlin of a previous war. For the three years of its travels into every theatre of operations, Mr. Berlin devoted his time and his energies exclusively to the furtherance of "This Is the Army." Sergeant Rosenstock, himself now a Mr. once more, is Ditson fellow in music at Columbia University.

I WAS standing on deck looking across a choppy ocean—looking at something I did not quite believe. The magnificence and might of an aroused America was all around me. I blinked my eyes, trying to make this thing look real. There were ships as far as the eye could see—cruisers, destroyers, battleships, aircraft carriers, troopships. The spell was broken by the voice of our ever jovial baritone sax player, Jack Towne: "This is the longest damn newsreel I ever saw!" There was a burst of laughter. Some of the fellows stuck their thumbs to their noses and started grinding away behind make-believe cameras. The musicians broke into vocal fanfares, and a deep voice droned: "People of America! Buy Bonds! Turn your dollars, quarters, pennies into ships. See for yourselves —this is not a mirage!"

"This is the Army" Detachment was sailing for England—165 G.I.'s, three officers, and equipment; assignment: "entertain the troops." The creator and guiding hand of TITA, Irving Berlin, was already in London making preparations for our tour. This detachment was unique in the Army. It was composed of musicians, singers, white and Negro dancers, comedians, actors, crew men, technicians, a director, and a civilian producer. There were many well-known names in music, the theatre, and the ballet in the group. They had been chosen, however, not because of their names or reputations, but rather for their potential entertainment value and their ability to adapt themselves to situations they had never before experienced in their stage careers. The tentative schedule, before leaving the States, was to tour England for three months and then break up. Everything we had done in the States, our opening on Broadway, the nationwide tour, the picture in Hollywood—all of that now was just a prelude to our real job.

Our ship, like every other transport in the convoy, was packed tight with troops. There was not a bit of clear space in the holds or on the decks. Fresh water was strictly rationed. To fill a canteen with fresh water, it was necessary to get up at 6 A.M., rush to the end of a long line, and pray that the boys ahead would move quickly. The faucet was shut at 7 A.M. Likewise, there was a line for meals extending throughout the ship. If one sat down anywhere on the deck at any time during the day, he found himself a part of either the breakfast or supper line. There was only time for two meals a day.

On our second day out to sea, we organized fifteen small variety units and went to work. Each unit was assigned to a specific section of the ship. Clyde Turner, the young Negro choral conductor, organized a fine spiritual group and baptized it on this trip. Jam sessions were created, string quartet concerts were given in the salon, and every night we put on a large improvised show. A U.S.O. unit was on the ship with us and we joined forces. During the afternoons and evenings (mornings were used for rehearsals) we were all over the ship. It wasn't long before the other ships in the convoy heard of our activities. Inquiries came pouring in. "Can you transfer some of your shows to USS——? Interboat transportation will be provided." Our ship's commander was flabbergasted, trying to stave off this utter breach of—something. "There are subs out there looking for us! Has everyone gone mad?" Our ship was nicknamed the *Show Boat* and the name stuck.

We landed in Liverpool, and proceeded by train to London, where an hour after we arrived Mr. Berlin gave us the first of his many overseas "hot or cold we do it" talks. "We open in London in three days—make a full hour broadcast to the States—a few recordings—and for our picture we have to add a scene and make a sound track." We all moaned. This was a large order. Mr. Berlin asked: "Do you think it's too much?" The heads of the departments got together and worked out a mad looking thing called "Schedule for opening, recordings, picture, and broadcast" and announced with great anxiety: "OK—we can do it."

OUR opening curtain in London rose to a mixed audience, half civilian and half service men and women. This was the audience policy throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland. All money earned was turned over to the British War Charities. Mr. Berlin donated a song to the War Charities which they subsequently published and sold. When the curtain fell, we had become, as the premier of Northern Ireland put it, "the new ambassadors of American good will." We settled into a routine of hospital shows in the afternoon and two shows at night. The King and Queen and the royal family, and other political, military, and naval dignitaries saw TITA and afterwards came back stage and expressed their pleasure and approval. After two weeks in London, we started our tour through Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol,

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Bournemouth, Glasgow, and Belfast, where we met and played for most of the troops in training for the invasion. We then returned to London for a command performance. General Eisenhower wanted to see the show. Surrounded by an audience of G.I.'s, he became the target of our thoughts and our performance. The boys outdid themselves that night. This show was both the climax and the conclusion of our stay in England. Afterwards we learned that General Eisenhower had sent a recommendation to General Marshall that we tour all the theatres of operation in the world, and it was as a result of this recommendation that our outfit did not break up as originally planned.

We left England with many memories. I was fortunate in spending some time with Vaughn Williams, Myra Hess, and John Barbirolli, who extended an invitation to me to conduct the Hallé orchestra in Manchester. Most memorable was the experience of knowing the English people. A week after we left the buzz bombs started their devastation. Landmarks that we knew so well were hit. Our first Red Cross barracks in London was completely destroyed, with sixty G.I.'s caught inside. I began to receive letters from friends describing the horrors. It was as if part of the States were being blitzed.

ON to Algiers, a change of plans, and directly to Italy. As our ship entered the harbor of Naples, we saw scores of overturned ships. There were only a few usable docks, and these were improvised. We stepped off our ship and onto the keel of an overturned battleship, and there a catwalk led us over the sunken ship on to land. I remember distinctly at the time that I did not believe it, and I still have my doubts.

That night we camped outside the city, all of us in one long room. No one knew where we belonged. Orders had been changed with no notification sent on ahead. It was about 10 P.M. the same evening that I heard anti-aircraft fire in the distance. I was reaching for my helmet when a plane suddenly roared over our heads. All the guns in the vicinity opened up. The flashes were blinding, and it looked as if everyone was shooting directly at us. Another plane dove—this time so low I saw its swastika. All hell broke loose. As suddenly as it started, the shooting stopped. I learned from this raid never to look up at a diving plane, swastika or not. For the next five months of our stay in Italy, the Jerries were constantly over us, sometimes three and four times a night.

Our orders straightened out, we set to work. After thorough rehearsals from beginning to end, we opened in the repaired San Carlo opera house, the audience consisting of American, British, and French G.I.'s. An addition to the show was the national anthems, which were to become the cross the musicians had to bear on the remainder of our tour. Overture to the overture. We played four of them at San Carlo, adding an Italian march as a gesture.

When the full show was brought to Santa Maria, which was approximately fifteen miles behind the lines, Special Service worked out a novel system of rotation. The men were given a special six hour pass directly from their foxholes, driven by truck to the theatre, saw the show, and then were taken back to the front. Through this rotating system, during our month and a half in Santa Maria practically every man in the American lines got out of his foxhole for a little reunion with Broadway. We gave two full shows every night with six to ten hospital units going out mornings and afternoons. The units covered hospitals right behind the lines, and had immediate contact with men just wounded.

These little hospital shows had a peculiar wallop of their own, a well-planned informality. Mr. Berlin in his unit would very often turn into an MC, comedian, and singer of ballads. Jimmy Cross, our most versatile Negro performer, would dance and sing from bed to bed, turning a ward into a night club. Julie Oshins, our star comedian, while doing his routine of old and new jokes, many times had to be careful that the patients did not laugh too hard. On one occasion, a G.I. with some stitches near his mouth could not stop laughing. The doctors and nurses ran to his bed and helped hold his mouth together so the wound would not open again. The men on the other beds got hysterical. Their laughter turned into screams of advice to the unfortunate one who could not control himself. Our small unit beat a hasty retreat.

ON another occasion, we had the privilege of playing for some wounded Indian Gurkhas. One of them, about six feet three inches tall, with a long moustache and a scarred face, shoved along toward our bass player, who was slapping away four to a bar high on the fingerboard. As the Gurkha's curiosity rose, he lowered his shiny head to the fingerboard and then slowly turned his face upward and continued to stare into the face of our more than nervous bass player. We were all relieved when "Georgia Brown" went out in the third chorus. Prince Mendes, our magician, hopped onto a bed and went into his routine of card tricks. This tall Gurkha again shoved forward, directly in front of Mendes, who immediately spotted him as a good stooge. He concentrated all of his tricks on "Scarface." A few minutes later the Gurkha was convinced that Mendes was bewitched. On the last and best trick, the Gurkha raised his hands high in the air,

(*Continued on page* 49)

—George Karger Co.

"This Is the Army," opening on Broadway July 4, 1942, and closing in Honolulu October 22, 1945, "played every theatre of operation" before 2,500 ,000 G.I's.

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Refugee Musicians in America

MARK BRUNSWICK

THE refugee musician arriving in the United States brought something with him that few of the other refugee groups possessed. It was not in his pockets or his baggage, and the United States Customs had no jurisdiction over it. It was his proficiency in a universal international language. So much has been indiscriminately said of this aspect of music that one is inclined either to take it for granted to the point of ignoring it or at least to consider it a harmless sentimentalism. The experience of the refugee musicians over here in the last decade was, however, living proof and affirmation of music's universal human character. In spite of this advantage there was of course the usual quota of maladjusted dissatisfied individuals in this group as in any other, but even they found their way eventually into our musical life better than might have been expected.

Our reception of the refugee musician was mixed. On the one hand was the extreme pro-foreign American group, and, on the other, the extreme anti. In music this situation is more acute, more revelatory of a real conflict, than in other branches of our cultural or economic life. This is largely due to the domination exercised over America's musical activities in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by foreign music and musicians. There was nothing especially sinister in this—America had been weak musically, Europe was strong. Some of the by-products of the situation, however, were ludicrous. Our insecurity expressed itself in a veneration of the external trappings of foreign culture. The commonest example, not even yet obsolete, is the handicap a name like James Brown or Mary Smith gives to a musician who must compete with Saschas —owskys, and —ellis. In a country which is in other fields not uninfluenced by Chauvinism, this is extremely symptomatic.

After World War I America came of age in many things, and not the least in music. Our music is, culturally speaking, a branch, whose potential individuality is in no sense limited, of Western European music. We had been a passive branch—now we became a very active one, giving as much as we received. This produced in more self-conscious musical circles a justified but often over-emphasized reaction to our subservient attitude. This new reaction was abused by cliques anxious to climb to power, but it was also shared by musicians of undoubted good-will who felt that our new musical independence might be seriously weakened by a sudden influx of foreign musicians. It was the strongest negative factor encountered by the refugee musician on his arrival. From that extreme our approach to him ran the gamut of human and professional reactions down to the sloppy unquestioning and sentimental over-valuation of the refugee simply because he was foreign and in trouble. Needless to say, there was plenty of a good healthy middle-

of-the-road approach—it was, in fact, far more prevalent than any other. The essential fact of music's universal quality could make the most headway. People really wanted to hear these musicians play and sing, as long as it was real music that was produced. And the musicians from Europe, when they played and sang and composed for us, did not need to have their efforts translated—they were in as immediate a contact with their new audiences as they had been before with their old ones in Europe.

The individual's fate was often hard at first, as for all uprooted people. There was the congestion in New York, often the long wait before a regular job appeared, the strange customs and manners (not the musical ones) to get used to. But America's record was on the whole good. The newly arrived refugee found people and organizations ready to give help and guidance to him. Often made-work programs were adopted to tide the refugees over the bad initial period, enabling them to keep up the practice of their art. In New York, for instance, privately financed concerts were given in the public schools in which many refugee musicians participated. This gave them a feeling of renewed functioning and yet was in no way unfair to our indigenous musicians. Some foundations made grants for outstanding refugee musicians and musicologists, enabling educational institutions whose financial resources were limited to have them on their staffs. Sectarian and non-sectarian organizations administered financial relief in cases of extreme need until a self-supporting job could be found.

The pre-war employment boom and later the draft produced a manpower shortage that automatically aided the absorption of refugees into all forms of employment and that helped the musicians no less than the others. This was most noticeable in the case of orchestra players. For instance, an experienced central European violist felt lucky in 1939 when he secured a position in a small Southern orchestra with an active season of three months. In 1943 he found himself close to the first desk in one of the prominent Eastern orchestras on a half-yearly basis.

Almost in a class by themselves were piano teachers, who made up a large percentage of the refugee musicians. The number of women piano teachers from Vienna alone could be reckoned in terms not of single units but rather in tens. At first glance some of them may have seemed old fashioned, even a bit forbidding, but in general they had excellent musical background and pedagogic ability. Their numbers made the going hard for them, but after some lapse of time most of them managed at least to eke out a living in various smaller cities, and even on the periphery of New York itself.

WHILE all soloists, and especially the pianists (who cannot transform themselves into orchestra players), had a hard time, it was not much harder than the lot of their American colleagues who have languished for years under our managerial star system. In fact, this brings us to the point where we can see that the course of the refugee musicians in the United States is as revealing of the situation of our own musicians as that of the refugees themselves. Their experience was like the stain that brings out the details of a microscopic slide, the slide in this case being our own American musical civilization.

Some of the details as they are brought out are good, others bad; the over-all picture is indeterminate—

(*Continued on page* 50)

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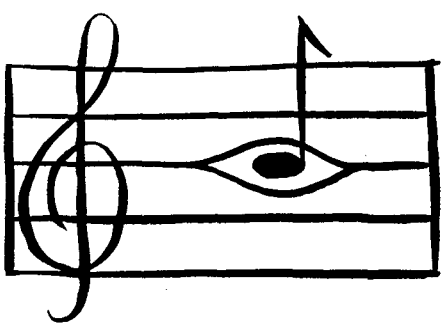
Music in the Negro Colleges

CARL PARRISH

IT is a belief of most Americans that the heavy hand of racial discrimination has been restrained where the musical activities of Negroes are concerned. This is only superficially true, however, for a hasty glance at the American musical scene reveals many instances of an attitude that has resulted in placing certain definite limits on what Negro musicians may do. Some of these are well defined. No Negro yet sings in any major opera company or plays in any outstanding symphony orchestra of this country, despite the proved success of many Negroes in European operatic and symphonic organizations. In the traditional concert field, success is limited to vocalists alone—a reflection of the general public's insistence upon "typing" the Negro. Traditionally his role has been that of entertainer. The flair of Negroes for popular music has convinced the unthinking that this is his true and his only place in the musical scheme of things. Great artists like Marian Anderson are even yet regarded as rarities, and even such artists must make obeisance to popular feeling by including Negro folk music on every program. A commonly heard question at performances of serious music by Negroes is: "This is all very well, but why don't they stick to spirituals?" A few decades ago a well-known American music critic declared in all seriousness that a Negro could never learn to sing *lieder*, a statement he was honest enough to retract publicly after hearing Roland Hayes.

In spite of the general lack of encouragement for Negroes to engage in music other than swing and spirituals, a tremendous amount of activity in the study and practice of serious music is carried on in the colleges for Negro youth. A cross-section of these colleges and universities reveals striking similarities between the work in music done in them and in white colleges. Aside from the major colleges with large departments of music, most Negro schools have the usual offerings to be found in the average white college—a course in "appreciation," a glee club, and provision for instruction in voice and piano.

In the dozen or more Negro colleges with sizable music departments, three distinct types of musical curricula are to be found. Howard University's school of music is representative of the conservatory plan, designed primarily to train skilled performers, yet including certain features of liberal arts training. Its course of instruction leading to a bachelor of music degree is not essentially different from that of any first-class American school of this type, such as Eastman. Corresponding to the white university offering a major in music, such as Harvard, is Fisk's department of music. Here slightly more than one-third of the total work required for the A.B. degree is in music, including four years of theory and applied music, and two years of history and analysis beyond the survey course. Another group, of which Lincoln University and Virginia State



College are representative, stresses music pedagogy, and offers well-planned courses leading to the B.S. degree with a major in that field. Among other Negro colleges in which the music department is an important part of the insititution are Alabama State Teachers College, Bennett College, Dillard University, North Carolina College for Teachers, Southern University, Talladega College, West Virginia State College, and Wilberforce University. The objectives of these schools and the methods employed in them are the same as those that obtain at equivalent white colleges. This is often a disappointment to a romantically-minded white visitor to such a college, who expects that some sort of exoticism should be found, at least in the music department, and who feels that something is wrong when he finds no courses in "Negro music," but only those in the literature, the skills, and the methods of the music of Western civilization.

Among extra-curricular musical activities carried on in Negro colleges, choral singing has been traditionally of a superior order, and the importance of this phase of musical practice in such colleges can hardly be overestimated. The first Negro college choral groups made known to the world the "jubilee song" (or "spiritual," as it was subsequently called), which has become an integral part of the American musical pattern, and whose influence has been far-reaching and manifold. To this basic repertoire have been added the great choral masterpieces of all periods of music history. The magnificent rendition of these works by important Negro choirs, such as those at Hampton, Fisk, and Tuskegee, is on a plane that few white choirs reach, and the tours of these groups before the war were the means of proving to many a critic that Negroes sing "classical" music with thorough understanding and unusually impressive vocal effectiveness. To illustrate the standard of music performed by such groups, it might be added that within the past decade one Negro choir has performed the following major choral works: Bach's Cantata 135 ("Ach Herr, mich armen Sünder"), Couperin's "Troisième Leçon de Ténèbres," Mozart's "Regina Coeli," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Brahms's "German Requiem," Fauré's "Requiem," Kodály's "Te Deum," Malipiero's "La Cena," Honegger's "King David," Castro's "Sinfonia Biblica," and Lambert's "The Rio Grande," to name but a few. Shorter pieces performed by this choir have ranged from Medieval and Renaissance motets and madrigals through modern Russian church music and Latin-American secular pieces.

Also extra-curricular are the annual music festivals presented each spring by a few of the Negro colleges. One of these—that at Fisk—has for two years presented elaborately staged operas ("Dido and Aeneas" and "Hansel and Gretel") with all-student casts. As an indication of the seriousness and enthusiasm with which opera is here carried on, it might be added that the university is now preparing "The Marriage of Figaro" for its forthcoming festival.

All these activities, as well as others, such as the vocal and instrumental recitals prepared by talented students in applied music, form an ideal training ground for Negro youth who wish to make music their careers. The results have been impressive. Negro colleges have provided the background from whence came such singers as Roland Hayes, Augustus Lawson, Edward Matthews, Dorothy Maynor, Todd Duncan, William Allen, and Carol Brice. These luminaries have sociological as well as artistic responsibilities, for they have entrée to many places that are barred to Negroes in any other field. They are truly missionaries of their race. How they have borne themselves with dignity and great personal charm, some-

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times in circumstances that have been difficult, is a familiar and heart-warming story. They have made great contributions not only to music but to the cause of good race relations.

On the other hand, a basically more important contribution is being made by the unknown thousands of Negro boys and girls who come to their colleges for four years of music study, absorb all the worth-while experience, musical and otherwise, that the college environment makes possible, and who then return to their own or other communities to carry forward the great work of music education in their schools. These young people are being well equipped. They are receiving excellent training, the great musical literature of the world is being opened to them, and they are aware of their responsibilities and their opportunities to spread the gospel of good music. This group is rapidly increasing. Enrollment in the Negro colleges has increased enormously in the past decade; the colleges have been hard pressed to accommodate all the students desiring entrance, and at the same time to continue raising standards of instruction. Music is one of the subjects that has attracted more than its proportionate share of students during this rapid expansion.

What is the outlook for the immediate future of the Negro who is being schooled in the traditions and skills of art music? There are certain evidences that the conditions indicated in the opening of this essay are changing for the better. Todd Duncan has recently opened the way for Negro opera singers through his several appearances in leading roles at the New York City Center. Dean Dixon's American Youth Orchestra may prove to be the key to the eventual admission of Negroes into symphony orchestras, even though only a small percentage of his players at the present time are colored. Dixon himself is a striking example of a Negro who has already achieved considerable distinction in a métier which would appear, by the very nature of the complicated social relationships attached to it, automatically to exclude members of his race. The established success of the great Negro singers has assured a friendly hearing for any young Negro with real talent. Those of the highest ability now have every reasonable hope of making their way as interpretive artists. It also seems likely that an outstanding young instrumentalist, should one emerge in the near future, might be accepted in a field which has been difficult even for white Americans. The fruits of college study and of music pedagogy are already being garnered, if one can trust such evidence as the performance of Negro high school students at music contests and festivals such as that held annually at Greensboro, North Carolina.

Hand in hand with the progress of the Negro in the world of art music is the progress of better race relationships. Hundreds of "incidents" all over the country have shown that good music has a power of obliterating racial differences that is unparalleled. There are places in our land today where nothing on earth, save this force alone, could bring the two races together into one mixed, unsegregated body of listeners, temporarily unmindful of the barriers that have been set up between them. Is there not a clue here for the solution of the American dilemma? However America ultimately solves her number one domestic problem, we may be sure that music has already played a large part in it, often in ways of which most Americans remain unaware. The Negro college, with its well-established tradition of fine music, has already been a significant factor in the working out of a harmonious solution; it is surely destined to play an even greater part.

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The Virtuoso Tradition

ASHLEY PETTIS

ALL art must have "tradition." Yet artistic expression which concerns itself solely or primarily with the preservation of a tradition becomes lifeless and static. A living art must continually be replenished with new thought and influences. Above all, if the germs of decay, which exist simultaneously with those of life and growth in every living thing, are not to predominate, the roots of musical expression must be nurtured by the forces of contemporary life and thought.

The preservation of the virtuoso tradition, in its present-day manifestation, is most readily perceived in an examination of typical concert programs of contemporary virtuosi. These are derived, for the greater part, from custom on its way to becoming a tradition, stemming from the nineteenth century, when virtuoso tradition was in its period of efflorescence. This nineteenth century period is not to be viewed too rigidly; for, as Gertrude Stein has so cannily observed, a century has a habit of carrying over into the succeeding one, and the virtuoso tradition, in its period of growth, overlapped well into the twentieth century.

A typical program is that based upon chronological sequence, comprising standard repertoire pieces, which has marked the majority of piano (and violin) recitals as well as many symphonic and other programs. The pattern is all too familiar: beginning with Bach, or thereabouts, usually in transcription, proceeding via Beethoven, the "romantic" composers, chronologically, to Liszt, or its equivalent in virtuosic appeal. Originally the transcriptions of earlier works were by the performing virtuosi themselves: Liszt, Tausig, von Bülow, Thalberg, D'Albert, and, later, Busoni, played their own arrangements, generally of the bigger and better order. They unwittingly established a success formula, with the result that there has been an endless and vitiating repetition of similar programs by countless virtuosi and would-be virtuosi, endeavoring to emulate the great, and thereby, following the beaten path, to climb the road to Parnassus.

I say vitiating advisedly. The squirrel-in-a-cage formula established by slavish custom destroys all initiative in the virtuoso, ignoring one of the most important functions of the performing artist, namely, his relation to the music and musical creators of his own period. It is forgotten that men such as Liszt, through their bold and adventurous interest in and approach to the music of their time, helped make possible the fulfillment of the promise of a Chopin. Similar analogies may be seen in the development of such musical creators as Wagner, Schumann, Brahms, *et al.* Nothing is more stultifying to a musician than unawareness of the musical expression of his own period. Divested of the replenishing influences of new musical experiences, unaware of the

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creative forces of contemporary life, the art of the virtuoso inevitably enters a phase of deterioration.

In this, history is repeating itself. With the rise of the individual in the early nineteenth century, concurrent with the so-called romantic period, the music world was sharply divided into two parts. Such divisions are more easily perceived in historical perspective. But the alignment of forces, as in the case of Schumann's imaginary but nevertheless real *Davidsbuendler* versus the Philistines, was more apparent at that time than are the opposing forces of today, when the voice of ballyhoo dominates our musical life to a hitherto unprecedented extent.

To judge by the vast bulk of advertising, press agenting, and journalistic reporting of music, he who runs would to a great degree be aware only of the multitudinous and desperate efforts of countless performers to continue the virtuoso tradition; of opera, with never a hint of the contemporary, existing for singers rather than singers for the opera! The analogy might well be continued into the realm of ballet, where new productions are greatly counterbalanced, numerically at least, by pathetic and futile attempts to preserve and extend a "classical, Russian tradition" whose essential spirit, so far removed from the spirit of the present and reality, completely eludes its most ardent devotees.

There is nothing new in the lament that deterioration in artistic expression is the order of the day. There have been voices crying in the wilderness of every musical period to this effect. Sometimes, from the vantage point which history alone affords, such lamentations have proved without foundation, and are seen to have been arrived at from false critical perspective. In other instances there has been legitimate basis for the cry of decadence.

Thus we find Karl Nef, one of the most dependable of modern musicologists, apropos the nineteenth century battle of ideologies, in the opposed forces of the *Davidsbuendler* and the Philistines, declaring: "These Philistines were the composers of the brand of Herz and Hünten, who were flooding the world with their shallow variations and operatic fantasies, their rondos and polaccas. Like Rossini in the opera, their piano music formed the counterpart to the classical art and was accepted only too eagerly in the entertainment-seeking period of the Restoration. It had sprung from the Haydn-Mozart school which had deteriorated rapidly, and could show but few able representatives. . . . *This deterioration is closely associated with the instrumental virtuosity which was developing at that time,* and which had its climax in Paganini and Liszt. No time had produced so many brilliant, phenomenal executants as that day. *The entire piano playing public made obeisance to a superficial claptrap.*"

If such perspicacious observations were in order at the time virtuosity was in flower, how much more pertinent similar deductions are in a period when our commercially sponsored and touted musical life has to do for the vastly greater part with repercussions of the period when virtuosity, *per se,* reached its highest peak; with efforts to preserve a tradition in vain and endless repetition, in which the elements of decay are in preponderance.

In the endless reiteration of familiar repertoire derived from that

which has withstood the vicissitudes of time, thereby becoming generally known as classical, we find the contaminating influence of over-repetition, both in the music itself and in the reactions of the virtuosi.

Cut off from or unaware of the musical expression and creative influences of their own period, living for the greater part in a traditional musical realm unrelated to the present, no matter how timeless its esthetic, those concerned primarily with the preservation of the virtuoso tradition become the victims of the retrogressive influence of over-repetition, without the replenishing power of contemporary thought. There can be no question that something very unfortunate and inimical to the retention of high artistic achievement occurs when artists whose names come readily to mind repeat the same compositions, year in and year out, *ad nauseam,* with scarcely ever the interpolation of a new work in their established repertoire. And a host of lesser musical geese follow in the footsteps of these ganders of music.

The most accomplished artists succumb to the temptation of searching for something new in compositions which inevitably suffer from the too oft-repeated playing. In seeking relief from their self-induced ennui, they attempt to inject new life into their flagging interest, not by discovering fresh meanings within the compositions themselves, not through new revelations leading to revitalized interpretations (though they may deceive themselves and an unthinking public into believing this to be true), not from exegetic processes. On the contrary, through the conscious or unconscious introduction of mannerisms, they subject their oft-repeated repertoire to the distortions and unstylistic readings which, although they frequently serve to display the personal predilections and idiosyncrasies of the individual, are opposed to the best interests of stylistic music-making: that highest ideal of the true artist who is more interested in revealing the innermost meaning of music, a recreative function, than in exploiting himself. Unfortunately, the public is frequently unable to discriminate between the stylistically true performance and that which serves merely as a vehicle for virtuosic display or that *bête noir* of high artistic attainment: "self-expression." All too frequently there is an unbridgeable chasm between the soul-searchings of the performing artist, with which the public is regaled, and the message of the music which is played.

The matter does not end here. Its influence is at once more insidious and widespread. "Traditions" in connection with composition arise, which are derived from performances of those artists who have impressed themselves upon the consciousness of the public to the extent of becoming commercially successful. To be specific the great Paderewski was responsible for the most mannered, distorted interpretations to which the modern concert world has been subjected. Yet, at the moment of performance, personal glamor, conviction, and the aura of "divine inspiration" endowed them with validity—even with inevitability. For that one significant, passing moment they seemed right, and the public conferred upon them the stamp of approval.

Briefly stated, the traditions of playing certain styles of music were evolved not so much from the inherent qualities of that music as from the individual attributes of great artists of the virtuoso tradition. Paradoxi-

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cally, the performer, in such instances, supersedes the creator.

With tastes jaded by the overseasoned performances of many of the great of the concert world, the majority of the public is in no wise prepared to listen intelligently to unpretentious performances of music in which the artist's only objective is the projection of the music in the style of the composer who created it, which style is in turn conditioned not only by the musical character of its creator, but by the nature of the time and place from which it derives.

Some of us recall a time when certain artists, such as De Pachmann, Carreño, Godowsky, Joseffy, and Lhevinne, were distinguished for the individual quality of their piano tone. With the passing of this group of players, we have come into a period when it is the style to play the piano as though it were a glorified xylophone. A hyper-percussive belaboring of the instrument is the order of the day. It is only occasionally, in the playing of an artist of the rare caliber of a Casadesus, that our faith in high pianistic ideals is restored.

Today's instruments have come under the influence of this tendency, and have attained a hitherto unprecedented resistance to violent and unfeeling attack. As in other periods in the development of instruments, the manufacturers have met the exigencies of greater demands with new developments. And scientists have even done their part in condoning the degradation of the virtuoso tradition by "proving" that there is no such thing as "tone quality" in a "percussive" instrument.

Like many other logical conclusions which may be scientifically arrived at, some of us will continue to disregard the alleged evidence and continue to have a firm belief in the existence of and necessity for "tone quality" in piano playing, which is in conformance with the true virtuoso tradition.

The managerial strangle-hold on the musical life of America, with the resultant domination of commercialism based upon a colossal ballyhoo unique in the annals of music, is the controlling factor not only in obscuring the creative musical values of today, but in the preservation of a tradition which, having reached its highest peak, is surely and inevitably making a descent to an ultimate abyss of futility and musical frustration.

Ashley Pettis is a former San Francisco music critic and conductor of the Composers' Forum Concerts in that city and New York, where he now lives.

Tchaikovsky at His Worst

THE DIARIES OF TCHAIKOVSKY. Translated from the Russian, with notes, by Wladimir Lakond. New York: W. W. Norton. 1945. 365 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HERBERT WEINSTOCK

BECAUSE Tchaikovsky continues to be one of the constantly performed composers of the nineteenth century, it was a happy idea to translate into English the diaries that constitute one of the principal sources of biographical information about him. The translation has been rendered faithfully, largely into equivalent colloquial English, as was desirable. A compact explanatory preface, helpful footnotes, and a well-compiled dictionary of the persons mentioned have been added for the assistance of readers and those using the diaries for research. A pointless introduction by Grigory Bernard and a few minor editorial slips—to be corrected in any later edition—are all that mar the book as presented. Unfortunately, however, the book as presented lacks what must be considered its prime desideratum: an index. For this is not primarily, or even secondarily, a book to be read through for pleasure or enlightenment. It is a book to be dipped into, a book to be referred to when need or the spirit moves. What did Tchaikovsky say about Hans von Bülow? How did Andrew Carnegie and Walter Damrosch strike him? What was his judgment of the Five? The answers to these and hundreds of other questions exist in Mr. Lakond's translation, and it is infuriating that they are not to be got at short of reading the book through.

Although Tchaikovsky is known to have kept several daybooks that have been lost or destroyed, those that survive cover, as the publisher's blurb claims, "the period of the eighties, years that were the composer's most important, musically and biographically." When supplemented with the enormous number of Tchaikovsky's surviving letters, they supply as detailed a knowledge of a composer's day-by-day existence as has ever been available. The correspondence, being more coherent, having been written for the purpose of communicating rather than reminding, is incomparably the more useful tool. Its translation, a gigantic task, is certain to come.

When my biography of Tchaikovsky was published, I was angrily denounced by the late Carl Engel, who in the pages of *The Musical Quarterly* accused me (with more picturesqueness than elegance) of portraying my subject with "scarcely a pair of soiled panties left to stand in." What Mr. Engel would have made of the portrait Tchaikovsky drew of himself in these diaries I fail to imagine. Here he is at his most unappetizingly neurotic, whining, complaining, yearning, drinking, and repining. The figure who emerges from these pages is far from the lovable man Tchaikovsky was felt to be by almost everyone who met him. He is, in fact, closer here to one of the most disheveled and least winning characters of Turgeniev or Chekhov.

For the record. Tchaikovsky did not (p. 138), on November 27, 1886, present a laurel wreath to Glinka, that forerunner having died on February 15, 1857. What seems to have happened is that he dedicated a wreath to Glinka's memory. Also (p. 342) Hans van Bülow was emphatically not "Wagner's son-in-law," but Liszt's. No accepted name for the Bülow-Wagner relationship seems to exist, though one might tentatively advance "husband-in-law." Finally (p. 344), do not be confused by the statement that Tchaikovsky's niece, Vera Lvovna Davidova, was the "first wife of Nikolai A. Rimsky-Korsakov." Persist to page 358, and you will discover the same lady described as Vera Lvovna (Davidova) Rimskaya-Korsakova, "first wife of Nikolai Alexandrovich Rimsky-Korsakov," not the composer—whose middle name was Andreyevich—but an "adjutant to Grand Duke Konstantin Nikolaievich."

—*Bettmann Archive*

Tchaikovsky reveals himself "at his most unappetizingly neurotic, whining, complaining, yearning, drinking, and repining."

Herbert Weinstock is the author of a life of Tchaikovsky which appeared in 1943.

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Guide to New Books on Music

An Annotated Selection Compiled by

CHARLES WARREN FOX

THE year 1945 was not particularly productive in books on music. Although the war is now over, many remaining difficulties—ranging from paper shortages to intellectual isolation of this country from Europe—continue to face both writer and publisher. In looking back over the war years, however, we should be particularly impressed by the fact that at least a respectable number of valuable and sound books on music have been published in the United States. This could hardly have been possible during the First World War. The production since 1939 of such works as Reese's "Music in the Middle Ages," Lang's "Music in Western Civilization," several important books by Curt Sachs, and Apel's "Notation of Polyphonic Music" has shown clearly the great rise in musical scholarship in this country, the growing importance of American libraries, and courage and ingenuity in the face of tremendous handicaps.

A few books published in 1944 have been included in this report; in these instances the date has been given. Otherwise the books were published in 1945. As in Richard S. Angell's compilation a year ago, the list has been limited to books published in this country. Since the list is intended particularly for the adult reader, children's books are not included.

When normal relationships exist once more with European libraries, book publishers, and music publishers, we may expect both the quantity and quality of our literature on some phases of music to improve. Some works already promised by the publishers have not yet appeared or at least were not available to the reviewer at the time this compilation was made. Edward Lowinsky's book on "Secret Chromatic Art in the Netherlands Motet" (Columbia University Press) and a number of voltumes continuing the W. W. Norton Company's musical series are eagerly awaited by serious musical students. It is also anticipated that the anthology of musical examples by Willi Apel and Archibald T. Davison (Harvard University Press) will be of unusual interest.

REFERENCE WORKS

APEL, WILLI. "Harvard Dictionary of Music." Third printing. Harvard University Press. x, 829 pp. $6.

This dictionary of musical terms (no biographies are included) has become indispensable to serious students of music since its first publication in 1944. Unfortunately many errors remain in this last printing. A new edition will be needed soon.

BARTLETT, HAZEL. "Catalogue of Early Books on Music (Before 1800): Supplement." U.S. Government Printing Office, 1944. iv, 143 pp. $1.

Julia Gregory's catalogue of early books on music in the Library of Congress has become quite out of date since it was published in 1913. This supplement adds roughly 500 entries. There are special lists of works in Chinese and Japanese, also a list of books in the Dayton C. Miller collection of works on the flute, acquired by the Library in 1941.

FLEISHER, EDWIN A. "The Edwin A. Fleisher Collection of Orchestral Music in the Free Library of Philadelphia. A Descriptive Catalogue." Vol. 2. Philadelphia (The Free Library). 494-1055 pp. (continues pagination of vol. 1). $12.

Since the publication of the first volume in 1933, nearly 2000 unpublished compositions have been copied by means of a WPA project. Nicolas Slonimsky was also commissioned by Mr. Fleisher to bring scores from Latin America for this extensive collection. The form follows that of the first volume, in each instance the instrumentation and approximate timing being given.

SONNECK, OSCAR G. T. "A Bibliography of Early Secular American Music." Revised and enlarged by William Treat Upton. Library of Congress, Music Division. xvi, 616 pp. Out of print.

This long needed revision and enlargement of Sonneck's bibliography is distinguished by great accuracy and completeness. Important for all students of Americana.

BERNSTEIN, MARTIN. "An Introduction to Music." 11th printing. Prentice-Hall. x, 396 pp. $3.

This general introduction to music in all its phases continues to be a popular elementary manual for student and general reader. It has gone through eleven printings in less than eight years.

SPAETH, SIGMUND. "At Home with Music." Doubleday, Doran. xiv, 366 pp. $3.

An unnecessary addition to the already large shelf of introductory guides. It has highly colored illustrations (but no musical examples), the familiar anecdotes, errors of fact (both Haydn's and Palestrina's birthdates are about ten years off), and curious misconceptions. Example: "The classic period of music begins with Bach and Handel . . . and everything before them, excepting perhaps the unique ecclesiastical glories of Palestrina, may be considered as mere preparation for their genius and that which was to follow."

WELCH, ROY DICKINSON. "The Appreciation of Music." Revised edition. Harper. xx, 216 pp. $3.

In this new edition some errors have been eliminated, certain sections recast, and lists of musical examples revised. The author, fully aware of the dangers of "musical appreciation," intends the book as a working manual. "From first to last it gives the reader something *to do*."

HISTORY AND CRITICISM

DAVID, HANS THEODORE. "J. S. Bach's Musical Offering: History, Interpretation, and Analysis." G. Schirmer. xii, 190 pp. $3.

One of the most eminent of living Bach authorities has given, in this book, practically everything that anybody would like to know about the "Musical Offering," that set of contrapuntal pieces dedicated by Bach to Frederick the Great. Marked throughout by deep musical scholarship. Many musical examples and other illustrations.

GRAF, MAX. "Legend of a Musical City." Philosophical Library. xii, 302 pp. $3.

A personal, nostalgic, and readable story of music in Vienna before the entrance of the Germans in 1938. The author's own recollections of Bruckner, Brahms, Richard Strauss, and others give added interest. Illustrated with eight photographs.

KRENEK, ERNST (editor). "Hamline Studies in Musicology." Hamline University School of Fine Arts. vii, 99 pp. $1.60.

Serious musicological studies by Russell G. Harris, Virginia Seay, and Martha Johnson of such matters as Gregorian Chant, the masses of Dufay and Okeghem, and modern twelve-tone music. Preface by Krenek. Reproduced from typescript. Not for the general reader.

SLONIMSKY, NICOLAS. "Music of Latin America." Crowell. viii, 374 pp. $3.50.

This book, largely the outcome of the author's extended trip to Latin America several years ago, is written with a rare combination of accuracy, good judgment, and humor. The first part, a "Panorama of Latin American Music," is a unified and absorbing picture of the musical life south of the United States. The latter parts of the book, including separate treatments of music in the twenty republics and a dictionary of musicians, songs, dances, and instruments, are for reference rather than connected reading. Photographs and musical illustrations.

THOMSON, VIRGIL. "The Musical Scene." Knopf. xv, 301 pp. $3.

This collection of selected critical articles published originally in the

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New York *Herald Tribune* is always interesting, often stimulating, and sometimes maddening. His comments on vocal music (particularly French) are especially valuable. A useful index.

TOVEY, DONALD FRANCIS. "Beethoven." Oxford. xiii, 138 pp. $3.

TOVEY, DONALD FRANCIS. "Essays in Musical Analysis: Chamber Music." Oxford, 1944. viii, 217 pp. $4.

TOVEY, DONALD FRANCIS. "Musical Articles from the Encyclopaedia Britannica." Oxford, 1944. viii, 251 pp. $4.

These three volumes by the late Sir Donald Francis Tovey, one of the foremost British musical critics of his time, are all published posthumously, with editorial prefaces by Hubert J. Foss. Tovey had planned to write a book about Beethoven for more than twenty-five years, but it was not until 1936 that he dictated the material in the "Beethoven" book. This is not a life, but a profound study of rhythm, tonality, phrasing, form, etc., in Beethoven's works. Unfortunately the book is incomplete, dropping off suddenly after the beginning of the chapter on "Fugue." The second volume listed contains a general essay on chamber music and detailed studies of various works by Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms, and others. The longest chapter is devoted to Bach's "Goldberg Variations." The third volume is a useful collection of Tovey's articles in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, in alphabetical order.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

ANTHEIL, GEORGE. "Bad Boy of Music." Doubleday, Doran. vi, 378 pp. $3.

The title of this autobiography tells the reader what to expect. From the time of his early success as a pianist and the furor created by his "Ballet Mécanique" (for airplane propeller, etc.), through his episodes as endocrine authority and adviser on love problems, to his present position as composer of a well-received "Fourth Symphony," Antheil's life has been unconventional, and so is the book. This apologia for a curious career is annoying enough to hold the attention for at least one reading.

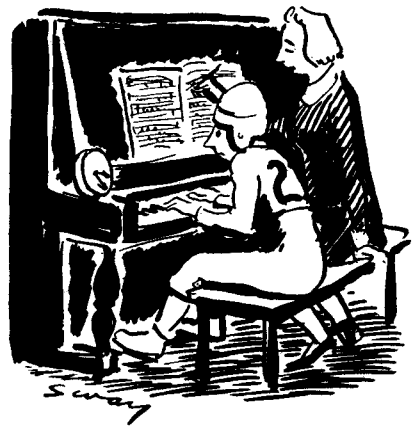
CARUSO, DOROTHY. "Enrico Caruso: His Life and Death." Simon & Schuster. x, 303 pp. $3.

While this book gives a fairly clear picture of the three years of married life of the Carusos, it is hardly a successful biography. Many of the letters cited *in extenso* are dull and repetitive, and discussions of the great tenor's character traits are not profound. Many photographs and a list of 234 recordings by Caruso.

EINSTEIN, ALFRED. "Mozart: His Character, His Work." Translated by Arthur Mendel and Nathan Broder. Oxford. xii, 492 pp. $5.

No one but Alfred Einstein could have written this intimate, loving, and seasoned book. Having spent many years on his work on the last edition of the Köchel thematic index of Mozart's works, Einstein has given us in this smaller book the fruits of long reflection about the composer's life and works. This is not a biography. Rather it is a set of essays on various aspects of Mozart's life—his interest in Freemasonry, his travels, his attitude toward the Roman Church, etc. —and a more systematic discussion of Mozart's compositions. Considerable knowledge of Mozart's works is presupposed; if the reader lacks this, scores, or at least recordings should be handy. Complete catalogue of Mozart's works and musical examples. Excellent translation.

HUTCHINGS, ARTHUR. "Schubert." Dutton. vi, 233 pp. $2.50.



This up-to-date book replaces Edmondstoune Duncan's older volume in the "Master Musicians" series. While there is some lack of proportion in Hutchings's discussion of Schubert's works, the book is a welcome addition to the series. Like the other volumes, it includes a bibliography, a list of compositions, a calendar of events, and personalia. A table listing the writers of the song texts increases the value of this little book.

LE MASSENA, C. E. "Galli-Curci's Life of Song." Paebar. (10), 336 pp. $3.75.

The high-powered sentimentality of this biography—colored by many references to fate, Spenglerian cycles, and transmigration of souls—ruins whatever value the book might otherwise have. Particular lovers of the voice of Amelita Galli-Curci may, however, be patient enough to endure rhetorical statements of the obvious, non-stop sentences, and masterpieces of over- (and under-) statement. Illustrations; lists of roles and recordings.

PURDY, CLAIRE LEE. "Victor Herbert: American Music Master." Second printing. Julian Messner. viii, 271 pp. $2.50.

Victor Herbert deserves a better biography than this. The writer has padded the book with non-essentials, including even detailed accounts of libretti of operas in which Herbert's wife happened to sing. The biography ends suddenly and unexpectedly. Lists of compositions and recordings; some musical examples.

ROBERTSON, ALEC. "Dvorák." Dutton. viii, 234 pp. $2.50.

Dvorák is now represented, as he should be, in the "Master Musicians" series, edited by Eric Blom. The chapters discussing the composer's works are, in general, thoughtful and well digested. The biographical part inclines toward the superficial. Robertson's literary style might be improved. Bibliography; list of compositions; calendar of events; personalia; musical illustrations.

SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN. "Florestan: The Life and Work of Robert Schumann." Holt. xiv, 574 pp. $3.75.

The romantic Schumann is a composer for whom Schauffler shows more affinity than for either Beethoven or Brahms. In the first part of this smoothly written and not uninteresting book, Schauffler devotes particular attention to the composer's love-life. In the second part Schauffler gives us, on the one hand, too much discussion of germ-motives and source-motives and, on the other hand, too much of the "poetical." The *Fantasie* for piano (Op. 17) is characterized as follows: "It gives forth the sort of virginal fire which one would expect in a youth long obsessed by mother-fixation, who has come to find a mother-substitute in a highly maternal sweetheart."

STEBBINS, LUCY POATE, and RICHARD POATE STEBBINS. "Frank Damrosch: Let the People Sing." Duke University Press. xii, 273 pp. $3.

A fair, clear, and not particularly exciting biography of the founder of the Institute of Musical Art in New York. The writers, who have approached their task seriously, provide considerable information about the life of Frank's father, Leopold Damrosch, and other members of the illustrious musical family.

WAGNER, FRIEDELIND, and PAGE COOPER. "Heritage of Fire: The Story of Richard Wagner's Granddaughter." Harper. xviii, 225 pp. $3.

Friedelind, daughter of Siegfried and Winifred Wagner, grew up in the hallowed atmosphere of Wahnfried and the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth. This fascinating autobiography, worked into excellent form by Page Cooper, tells us a story not only musical but also political. From the time she was a child, Friedelind found herself in a world of National Socialism, since Winifred Wagner was a strong adherent of Hitler and her children came to know him intimately. Later, in 1941, Friedelind rebelled against the Nazis and came to this country. The story is absorbing; its calm and unbiased presentation is welcome.

LETTERS, DIARIES, ETC.

DAVID, HANS T., and ARTHUR MENDEL (editors). "The Bach Reader: A Life of Johann Sebastian Bach in Letters and Documents." Norton. 431 pp. $6.

"This book contains all the surviving sources of any importance from which our knowledge of Bach's life and reputation has been drawn." Two essays by the editors provide unifying threads, and many notes clarify the texts. The translations are of an unusually high standard. This admirable book will perhaps encourage compilation of similar source-books for other important composers.

MENDELSSOHN, FELIX. "Letters." Edited by G. Selden-Goth. Pantheon. 373 pp. $4.50.

The carefully selected letters making up this volume are arranged chronologically and give coherent pictures of Mendelssohn as boy, youth, and man. Brief biographical sketches by the editor, 33 illustrations (including many of Mendelssohn's own drawings), and an index of names round out the book. The letters have all been published previously in other collections.

TCHAIKOVSKY, PYOTR ILYITCH. "The Diaries of Tchaikovsky." Translated from the Russian, with notes, by Wladimir Lakond. Norton. 365 pp. $4.

The diaries here published cover, somewhat irregularly, a long period of the composer's life, from 1873 to 1891, most of them being from the '80's. Their importance as source material can hardly be overemphasized. Unless he is a Tchaikovsky devotee, however, the general reader is likely to find many dull pages. Lakond has done excellent work as translator and editor.

THEORY AND COMPOSITION

DAVIDSON, ARCHIBALD T. "The Technique of Choral Composition." Harvard University Press. xviii, 206. $3.

The present book is one of the outcomes of the author's many years of experience as conductor, composer,

(*Continued on page* 40)

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A Lifetime of Rich Experience

BEETHOVEN. By Donald Francis Tovey. Edited by Hubert J. Foss. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 138 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE most delightful thing about this posthumous book garnering a lifetime of rich experience is its complete freedom from professional pedantry, its freshness of approach to music as an art addressing all intelligent people. "Nothing has real esthetic value," says Tovey in his opening chapter on "The Materials of Beethoven's Language," unless it can reach the spectator or listener through the evidence of the art alone, without the aid of technical information." And in his second chapter, "The Three Dimensions of Music (Rhythm, Melody, Harmony)," he drives the point in with a sly dig: "There is no limit to the subtleties of Beethoven's tonality, and a listener needs only time and experience to appreciate them all. Of course, the trained musician can give him a long start. On the other hand, the trained musician carries a heavy weight of theoretic lore, most of which is unesthetic, even where it happens to be correct." This refreshing penetration of pedantic pretences recurs frequently, and is capped near the end of the book in a paragraph that begins: "The listener must believe in nothing that does not reach his ear," and ends: "The so-called classical rules of fugue are the most entirely fictitious rules in the whole history of academic bluff."

Close-packed, exacting arduous concentration from the reader, but profoundly enlightening, are Chapters III, "The Larger Tonality," IV, "Ways and Means: Causes and Surprises," and VII, "Beethoven's Art Forms." In these Tovey traces the originality, organizing power, and especially the unprecedented width of span, of tonality in Beethoven's art. He provides, in two maps of what he calls "the scene of the crime," tabular views of the key-relations, near and remote, underlying Beethoven's structures, but warns that these can be illustrated only in extenso from the works themselves. "The illustrations in harmony text-books," he says with truth if also with a touch of smartness, "are of no conceivable use, because they merely consist of horrid little progressions on the scale of *A Cat Sat on a Mat,* and when they give classical examples they cannot afford, any more than we can here, to print them in their contexts. . . . Beethoven's enormous extension of the range of harmony is a function of his enormous extension of the whole range of musical form and expression." He accordingly proceeds to discuss innumerable examples drawn chiefly (as most accessible to the layman) from the piano sonatas, but also from the symphonies, overtures, quartets, and other works.

This clear sense of the capital importance of long range in the use of harmony comes out in passage after passage. Of these it is interesting to put together a few: "To great composers music is . . . a language, and great masters of language, though they create much actual new language, do so mainly by setting up a powerful association of their new ideas with old words, and contribute

—*Bettman Archive*

Beethoven pacing the streets of Vienna. From a contemporary pen and ink cartoon.

very little by way of actual new coinages. . . . Second-rate art often depends upon marvels which will not long remain marvelous." "Nowadays, when we are all so anxious to develop a new harmony, there is little sense of movement and composition in the average output of modern music." "All Beethoven's great harmonic discoveries are long-distance effects." "The more we study his harmonic devices, the more inseparable we shall find them from his rhythmic proportions and his dramatic purposes." The fascinating applications of these principles are too long to quote, but examples of them are the treatment of the famous C sharp in the Eroica first movement, and of that other C sharp, almost equally famous, that so lords it over the Eighth Symphony finale

The present book, as we are reminded by the linking in the above quotations concerning harmonic devices, rhythmic proportions, and dramatic purposes, is in its broad outline a continuation (for Tovey, alas, a completion) of his article, "Some Aspects of Beethoven's Art Forms," contributed to the Beethoven centenary number of *Music and Letters* for April, 1927. "In the sonata style," he there stated, "three things are fundamental: key system, phrase rhythm, and dramatic fitness." His group of conceptions clustering around the second of these, phrase rhythm, is clarified by the present Chapters V, "Rhythm and Movement," and VI, "Phrasing and Accent." Here, distinguishing what he calls "speech-rhythm," as found in unmetrical music such as Palestrina's, from the "body-rhythm" with strong accent of Beethoven's scherzos, he asks the interesting question why Beethoven not only writes all his scherzos in the shortest possible bars, but then often changes the accentual grouping of these bars, sometimes in apparent caprice, getting us, as he says, "out of step." Sometimes, no doubt, this is wilful waywardness; but is there not at other times a larger rationality beneath it? One cannot agree with Tovey that in the scherzo of the Ninth Symphony the "rhythms of four bars" (carefully so marked by Beethoven), returning after the threes, are "otherwise imperceptible." And only by resolutely keeping "in step" in the trio of the Eroica scherzo, where the horns "talk," as Grove said, "like flesh and blood," can one get the full eloquence of their beautiful syncopations. More convincing, and sorely needed by many of our brilliant-at-all-costs conductors, are some shrewd remarks on pace. "The fastest advisable pace will be that in which it is still possible to hear distinctly," and "when music is played as fast as possible, it gives no more impression of pace than a sewing-machine. If it is really to sound fast, you must hear what it says."

Nowhere does the ripe wisdom distilled from a lifetime of music afford larger views than in the chapter on development. Two examples must suffice. "In the sonata forms we, so to speak, catch melody in the act of breaking up into drama." And of the much debated question of Beethoven's use of fugue in his last period: "The danger of a passage of fugue in a sonata is that it stops the action, just as a philosophic discussion may stop the action of a drama. . . . On the other hand, discussion may be a tensely dramatic form of action, and in Beethoven's sonata-works an outbreak of fugue is the ultimate incandescence of his drama." Chapters on "The Rondo and Other Sectional Forms," on "Variations," and a final one on "Fugue," which breaks off un-

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finished after a single page, complete the book.

That the book is hard reading is undeniable. Tovey evidently writes a paragraph the way one packs a trunk: he can never see a crevice without tucking something into it. The plums (to change the figure) in the pudding of one such paragraph, are: the Moonlight Sonata, Hans von Bülow, the French Revolution, Mozart, the Viennese aristocracy, Lord Chesterfield, Dr. Johnson, Beethoven's "Archduke pupils," the D minor Sonata, Edward Fitzgerald, Omar Khayyam, and double counterpoint. Fritz Busch, a close friend of Tovey's, tells a story of asking him once in Aix-la-Chapelle, when he himself was suddenly called away, to give a lesson to one of his pupils. It was to be an hour lesson on the C major Sonata, Opus 2, No. 3. Happening to return three or four hours later he found them still hard at it, Tovey teaching in full spate, the unfortunate pupil on the verge of collapse.

Yet she was fortunate, too, and if there were nothing in this book but the flashing of his irrepressible wit, it would be worth while. Epigrams and metaphors, as true as they are comical, star its pages. "One chord can no more make a remote key than one swallow can make a summer." "A diminished seventh interposes a faint cloud-veil, . . . but who minds what a diminished seventh says?" "Bach will not put Gounod's Ave Maria on the top of his First Prelude, quite apart from such a matter of taste as addressing the Virgin with the musical equivalent of 'darling' in the eleventh bar." "People have been known to complain that the rondo of opus 90 repeats itself too much. They should join company with the sea captain who took up a copy of 'Gulliver's Travels' and, after reading several chapters, flung it down, exclaiming: 'I don't believe a word of it.'" "Diabelli's melody (and why not call it a melody when railway companies classify typewriters as musical instruments?) begins with a twiddle around the tonic, and repeats the twiddle a step higher over the dominant."

But incomparably more delightful than these refreshments by the way are the shrewd, mellow, wholly humane insights into the very nature of music that this book so generously gives, insights granted in so large measure and with so little alloy of sophistication by few other books one can recall at the moment.

Daniel Gregory Masin is emeritus MacDowell professor of music in Columbia University.

Mascagni Was Her Sponsor

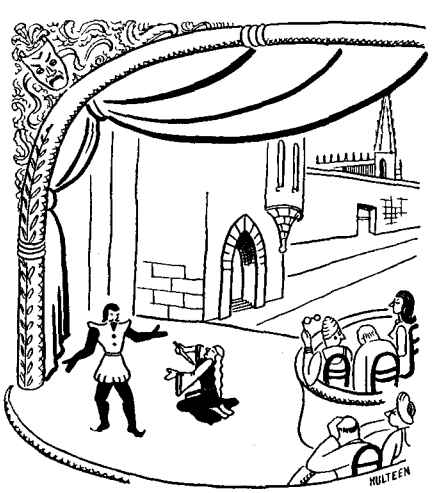
GALLI CURCI'S LIFE OF SONG. By C. E. LeMassena. New York: The Paebar Company. 1945. 329 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by FRANCIS ROGERS

IF you like to read a detailed and rather florid account of the triumphal progress of a popular prima donna from birth to professional retirement, you are certain to enjoy "Galli-Curci's Life of Song." Mr. Le Massena was the singer's publicity man at one time and the unstinted praise that he gives her throughout this biography implies that his attitude of mind is much the same as when he was promoting her Metropolitan Opera debut twenty-odd years ago.

Amelita Galli was born in Milan in 1889 in a prosperous home "of culture and refinement" and was given a sound training in several languages and in music, the piano being her medium of musical expression. Until 1905 there was no thought of her becoming a professional singer. Then, one day, Pietro Mascagni (of "Cavalleria Rusticana" fame), an intimate family friend, heard her sing excepts from "I Puritani" in her home. Struck by the beauty of her voice, he advised her no longer to focus her interest on the piano, for which she was not specially gifted, but to devote herself to the development of her voice. She took his advice and a year later made a successful debut as Gilda in "Rigoletto" in the little town of Trani. Hard work and added experience brought her to the important Costanzi Opera House in Rome, where she was received cordially. In the course of the season in Rome she made a subsequently unhappy marriage with one Curci.

The doors of Italian opera houses now opened to her everywhere—



Italy, Sicily, South America, Spain, Russia, and, at last, in 1916, Chicago. She was rated the most satisfactory coloratura soprano of her time. At a later day she wrote, "My own career has been too smooth for romantic recounting. I had the good fortune of an audition in Rome, where I was engaged. Since then my experience has been one of steady advancement in other opera houses. It has been a career of hard work, but with no serious hardships or difficulties."

Galli-Curci made her American debut in Chicago as Juliette. During the subsequent years she sang most of the coloratura roles, interspersing countless appearances in concert. Eventually, in 1921, she made the first of many brilliant appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Wherever she sang, whether in opera or concert, there was a packed auditorium to applaud her. Well pleased with the approval of the great American public, she became an American citizen. Having divorced Curci, she married a reputable American musician, Homer Samuels, and bought a summer home in the Catskills. Between seasons in this country she concertized in England, Australia, and the Far East. There were also the phonograph, the radio, and articles for the musical papers.

In January, 1930, Galli-Curci announced that she was through with opera and should henceforth devote herself to concert. There were tours in Europe, South America, South Africa, even India, intermingled with restful weeks in the Catskills.

The final curtain of Galli-Curci's public career was a sad one. For a number of years she had been afflicted by a goiter that interfered with the free emission of her voice and at last grew to such proportions that its removal by surgery became imperative. The tumor was removed successfully, but the lustre of the voice went with it and the prima donna's singing career came to a definite end in 1933.

She wrote somewhere these gracious words: "America has done much for me, unshackled me, let me find myself and my soul. America gave me much more than money, greater things than success, finer things than fame—she gave me happiness and peace." Mr. Le Massena lets us infer that Mr. and Mrs. Samuels now find their "happiness and peace" in a California home. Long life to them!

Francis Rogers is on the faculty of the Juilliard School of Music.

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Strictly Personal

CONCERNING PROGRAM NOTES

THE question of what should go in program notes puzzles both those who write and those who read them. Obviously audiences must have something to look at during the duller portions of the program and something to rattle at uncongenial neighbors. The problem is well solved in the theater program, where none of the reading matter relates to the spectacle on view aside from credits, synopses of scenes, lives of the actors, and the Rogers Peet ad., but concerns itself with sprightly items about male and female attire or something of the sort.

Concert program notes, on the other hand, are burdened with an educational mission based on the sound principle that no one could possibly be in the audience for purposes of entertainment; willingly or unwillingly he is there as a seeker after culture. Now the surest way to artistic enlightenment is via the printed page, and if at a concert there is no culture in the program notes, where is the listener going to find it?

The annotator thus charged proceeds on two lines of attack, the historical and the analytical. The historical data may run something like this:

> Symphony Number 7 in B flat by Heinrich Trinkwasser b. 1812 in Frankfort an der Oder d. 1870 in Frankfurt am Main.
>
> According to some authorities the sketches for Symphony Number 7 antedate the composition of Symphony Number 6 which was conceived at a later date. We have evidence from the testimony of Kartoffel, Genug, and Gewiss that Trinkwasser performed portions of this symphony arranged for the left hand alone at an evening gathering of admirers and friends at the home of Countess Holde von Abendstern on May 13, 1842, while we are informed by the always reliable Frühlingsrauschen that the work did not commence on Symphony Number 6 before Dec. 24, 1843, during the period of the composer's courtship of the wife of his devoted friend and patron Fritz Morgenfrisch.

Then follows the analytical portion:

> The first movement *molto allegro* begins with three rapid ninth chords in the tonality of the mediant, strings *spiccato* and brasses *con sordino*. Theme A is ushered in with accompanying arpeggio anticipatory of theme B, polyphonic and *molto legato* in contrast to the *spiccato* preceding. Here theme X the *Idée Cyclique* of the whole work enters on the *fagotti* in the key of the under dominant. Theme A is repeated in the relative major with an *agogique* figure and is interrupted by the rhythm of B with just a faint trace of A. Then follow in short developments A, B, X, AB, X with a fughetta leading to a magnificent stretto where X is now transformed and becomes the second *Idée Cyclique* hereinafter to be known as Y.

At this point many of the audience are completely bogged down and resolve to take the notes home for further study where the music is no longer a distraction and the light is

better. Homework of this sort is definitely to be recommended, and with the aid of a set of good reference books the notes can often be decoded and digested with no end of cultural profit. This solution of the problem is of course no solution at all, because after the notes have been folded away, the audience has nothing to do but listen to the music, and nothing to think about but whether it has stopped raining and what the chances will be to get a taxicab after the concert.

What the program annotators need is some material for reading matter of instantaneous appeal, justifiably related to the music, or we shall run the risk of letting our audiences concentrate too much on the music itself. The question of whether reading conditions should be improved is something else, but it is surprising that light projection on a screen has not been tried. Probably this will come with the improvement of the notes themselves, and if it does it will open a new avenue for visual advertising and commercial sponsorship which would be an excellent way to reduce symphony deficits.

The solution of the difficulty about program notes is so simple that its delay in arrival is inexplicable. All we have to do is continue the methods employed at children's concerts and radio appreciation hours. In these areas of enlightenment, little stories and images are conjured up which never fail to interest the audience, and in this way, sensitivity of the ear to a pattern of beautiful sounds is expertly and painlessly developed. What a disappointment, though, for the youngsters to discover at an adult concert that charming explanations like snowflakes dancing at the windowpane have been replaced by that business about X and Y. Why not an expansion of this technique addressed to more mature minds with broader range of interests? Herewith is offered a method of explaining music at symphony concerts which deserves to be tried.

To begin with, we assume that all music tells a story, and if it doesn't it should. The talk about "absolute music" in which musicians indulge is merely to keep the layman in his place. No, music must be kept wedded to story-telling. But one of its chief charms is that it is easily adapted to a variety of stories, so one piece doesn't necessarily mean one story. This variety would make the many repetitions of the same piece by the same orchestra during the same season more interesting. Narratives used to interpret symphonies should be kept fresh and vivid. During the holiday season when so many young people are about these narratives should reflect the gaiety of the season and possibly make artful reference to plays, novels, and movies of current interest.

The original intention of the composer, if known, should of course be discounted. Architects have nothing to say about what use shall be made of their buildings, painters about the framing or hanging of their pictures, or, for that matter, composers about such things as tempi and phrasing, questions which are decided by the conductor, who does the "interpreting."

A few sample program notes suitable for explaining several popular masterpieces are herewith appended:

> Sibelius Symphony Number 2 in D major
>
> First movement—*allegretto*
>
> We are in the richly appointed office of Dr. Helena Helsingfors, beautiful Nordic psychiatrist. She is about to psychoanalyze a tall

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handsome stranger who has been discovered lurking about the hallways but whose identity is a mystery. As the music begins soft chords on the strings indicate the gentle motion of Dr. Helena's hands about the troubled forehead of her patient who lies prone on a couch. Now on the oboe and clarinet is heard the dream music—how dear to his heart are the scenes of his childhood. The melody is interrupted by a gentle snore on the horns. Again the dream and the snore. Dr. Helena pauses and anxiously regards her patient (bassoons, *piano*). Aha (violins forte)!—she has found out something. As she proceeds her alternate doubt and conviction lead to a smashing climax as mounting scales show her on the way to a solution. What is it? But no, psychoanalysis doesn't work so quickly. These thoughts must be developed. So we go on to the development section. Here the motion of her hands, the dream, and the solution appear fragmentarily as one or the other becomes prominent in the story. In the recapitulation it is evident that Dr. Helena has the situation well in hand; the child hood dreams which are the key to the stranger's psychosis become clearer and as the movement concludes the lovely practitioner can scarcely control her elation. The music ends as it began with the patient gently sleeping the while soft hands continue to stroke the brow which will become gradually untroubled in movements two, three, and four, and love and passion will grip the hearts of the Man and the Woman.

"The Afternoon of a Faun," by Debussy, is based on an idea which is too vague and too French for American consumption. It should be modernized in this fashion:

Miss Atlantic City Elect is lying in bed. It is two-thirty p.m. of the day which hours ago she and her friends ushered in with such festive acclaim. She has a headache. The first theme shows her painfully shifting from side to side trying to find a comfortable position. Petulantly she lights a Lady Hamilton. It makes her sick. She tosses it on the floor. "Hope it burns the house down," escapes from her pretty lips. The door opens and her maid enters with a message on a silver salver. This message constitutes the middle section. It glows with warmth, for it is from Sigmund Blaufisch, famous Hollywood agent. "Saw you last night at the Stork Club. Will you accept picture contract on your own terms?" The greenish pallor on the face of Miss Atlantic City Elect is dispersed by a suffusion of pink enthusiasm. She starts to rise, ecstasy in her every gesture. But alas (third section), the frail little body racked by last night's overindulgence falls pitifully back on the rumpled sheets. Again the pathetic twisting from side to side. What a night! What an awakening! The maid sadly indicates the aspirin bottle, draws the blinds, and steals silently from the chamber.

Current events should play their part in our music lover's awareness, and at least one selection on the program should be devoted to an analysis of this sort:

Tchaikovsky Symphony Number 6 in B minor (Pathétique)
First movement *Adagio—allegro non troppo*

Senator Bilbo sits gloomily at his office desk before a pile of unopened mail, pondering the ills of mankind. His statesman's heart is sore. With a despairing gesture of the massive hands he sets about the daily task. The first item *(allegro non troppo)* he picks up turns out to be an inscribed copy of Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit" sent by the Society for the Improvement of Race Relations. As he hysterically tears off the wrappings and realizes the extent of the affront his anger mounts. Snorts of rage are mingled with shrill cries and expletives. Gradually exhausted by the vehemence of his feelings he sinks down in his chair, the pulse becomes fainter, and the weary head is bowed upon the desk. The senator is asleep.

And now comes the second theme, the gentle and tender dreams of boyhood and the folks back home—the old South, the true South, unplagued by lady novelists with a zeal for reform. The music swells to the triumph of the South that is to be.

With a start (development section) the senator is awake. A blast on the brasses summons his secretary. Something must be done about this and the senator is the man to do it. With executive ferocity the statesman launches his jovian thunderbolts, a phone call here, a fiery letter there. With scarcely a moment's slacking this fearsome energy expends itself, and as the fever abates the dream again takes possession of his mind. He looks out of the window at Washington, city of white supremacy. The music ends on a serene note of noble purpose and quiet confidence.

DOUGLAS MOORE

Douglas Moore, guest co-editor with Paul Henry Lang of this issue of the SRL and MacDowell professor of music at Columbia University, has recently been appointed president of The National Institute of Arts and Letters.

From the Stone Age to the Atomic

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: Their history in Western culture from the stone age to the present. By Karl Geiringer. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 278 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

ANY new book on the history of musical instruments must inevitably bear comparison with the standard work on that subject by Dr. Curt Sachs. According to the author's preface, "Textbooks on musical instruments usually deal with the different types in systematic order, starting with the percussion and ending with the stringed and wind instruments. For this book, however, a historical method has been chosen."

It seems to me that this confuses the issue by failing to make a distinction between a textbook on musical instruments (*i.e.*, one describing their nature and function), and a history of musical instruments, which traces their evolution through the centuries. Since Dr. Geiringer set out to write a history (as proclaimed in his subtitle), how could he do otherwise than follow the historical method? This simply means, of course, that the subject is treated by chronological periods rather than by categories of instruments. The author ventures to assume that "the arrangement and presentation of material in this book may surprise the reader," implying an absolute novelty of approach. However, the "historical method" was also employed by Dr. Sachs, so that this is nothing new, and if Dr. Geiringer's book is to have a niche of its own—and I think it deserves one—then it must be accorded for some other point of merit or originality.

I do not think this work has much to offer in the way of originality, but it has the rather negative and utilitarian merit of being more limited in scope than Dr. Sachs's monumental work. Dr. Geiringer has limited himself to the musical culture of the Western World, whereas Dr. Sachs embraced Oriental cultures also. This gives to the present work a certain advantage of unity and conciseness. It is, moreover, the work of an able and conscientious musical scholar who has produced an accurate and reliable manual. Particularly commendable are the numerous and well-chosen illustrations, and a clear and useful introductory chapter on the acoustics of musical instruments.

Gilbert Chase is supervisor of Music for the NBC University of the Air.

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BELA BARTOK

IN the quiet cemetery in Westchester County, after the body was lowered and the family and a handful of friends were departing, one of the officials superintending the final rites asked:

"I hear he was a musician. What did he play, the piano or the violin?"

The piano.

"Did he ever play at Carnegie Hall?"

Yes, he did.

"He must have been good!"

Yes, he was good.

* * *

Every music lover is familiar with Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, Brahms's Hungarian Dances, and many other faintly exotic pieces of music which conjure up gypsy bands and the café and hotel lobbies of prewar Budapest, always pleasantly remembered by American travelers. Yet all this has very little to do with Hungarian music, and it took the life work of a slight, gentle, and modest artist-scholar to prove it. Béla Bartók, who died last fall in his sixty-fifth year in New York, was the man who realized that the "Hungarian music" one encounters in the works of nineteenth century musicians is somewhat akin to the ubiquitous yellow-jacketed export novels of French literature. Accordingly, like those of his heroic forebears who set out to the Ural Mountains to rediscover the aboriginal home of their race, he embarked on the quest for a true Hungarian musical idiom, the lost mother tongue. It was from this endeavor that his compositions arose, their rich color no longer an exotic overtone superimposed upon the largely German romantic musical fabric of the nineteenth century, but the fantasy of a poet speaking for his race.

Driven by the imperious command of primordial instincts toward barbarous and elemental visions, Bartók discovered the songs of the peasants of his land; they proved to be the guides he needed in the uncharted regions of music towards which the desire for knowledge urged him. In these peasant songs, never before espied, let alone recorded, an intensity of expression, wonderful melodies, and finely differentiated rhythms greet the seeker and inspire the poet. A unique phenomenon in the history of music, this man became both the best-equipped musical ethnologist of our time, and one of the most original and powerful creative musicians of the century. Most remarkable in his work is the scholar's ability to render the songs of the peasants in their pristine, scientifically correct form; while at the same time as a composer he imbued himself so thoroughly with the spirit and idiom of this folk art that the transition from scholar to poet escapes analysis. He became one with his people, yet he commanded the millennium-old resources of Western art-music with sovereign ease.

Bartók's art encompasses remarkable contrasts. It is soaring and eruptive, and at the same time serene and well defined; he is far removed from sentimentalism, yet is filled with compassion; he is master of an intimate lyricism, yet his demoniac scherzos and dance movements are veritable visions of battle, their roaring rhythms the carriers of barbarous forces. The facile Magyarisms of the old rhapsodies and gypsy scenes fade before these manifestations of the Asiatic virgin forest, for Bartók is the descendant of a people who, despite a thousand years' residence in the heart of Europe, stem from Asia, and he is at home in those forests.

Bartók came upon the musical scene at the beginning of the century and he shared the ecstasies, dreams, and tragedies of this century's composers; there are accents in his music that are akin to theirs, and they are kindred souls in more ways than one. Still, he does not belong among them. His music grew from the same soil of post-romanticism and impressionism, but the color and shape of its flowers are different, for they ripened under different suns and were watered by different rains. He was their brother and yet he was as profoundly strange to them as only brothers can be, for in Bartók the genius of a people took visible form. His elaborate researches into the international treasure of folk-song did not result in a toning down of the national colors in his compositions; rather, he strengthened them and placed them in the foreground. His symbols, his gestures were Hungarian; consciously and deliberately so. Thus he was a national composer, but the nationalism he interpreted was the warm and colorful life of the soil. He realized in his own work what the nations will realize after much labor; that their own interests are one with humanity's.

When fate tears the delicately woven harmony of dreams with such violence that there is no art that could weave a new tapestry out of its tangled threads, when on the stage all possible comedy has passed and the rhythm of the dances slackens and everything becomes quiet, when the creative soul which is at home everywhere and therefore is homeless desires at last to rest and to contemplate the final reasons of its existence, then comes the reckoning. And the final reckoning for this ardent and peaceful soul was terrible. For this composer was both a patriot and a humanitarian. He came into conflict with the politics of his own country because he sensed that these politics would plunge the country into shame and catastrophe, and because he refused to tolerate the indignities visited upon the hapless people of Europe by the Master Race, whom Ghengis Khan and Attila would have disowned with horror. When the Nazi pestilence reached Hungary the frail and aging composer came to America. Although honored in his own country and recognized all over Europe, he preferred exile to the possible taint of collaboration. Ill and uprooted, not equipped to deal with the ruthless competition of the modern music industry, he passed away, proud and uncompromising to the last. He was like the secluded patrician house: not easily accessible to the stranger, but once admitted the visitor was assured of warm and lasting hospitality.

He sincerely appreciated the vastness of our musical life, and fine orchestras and musical organizations, although he was puzzled by the one-sided generosity of public and press towards the performer at the expense of the creator. The American musical world received him with respect and good will, but he was a musician's musician, unfit for the hurly-burly of our official concert life. The scores and parts of his great stage works were here, but the Metropolitan Opera House could not make an exception to its custom of avoiding works in the contemporary idiom. Withal he remained undaunted and productive to his last day, enjoying an occasional performance of one or the other of his compositions and rejoicing in the quiet but sincere tokens of esteem tendered him by his American confreres and the academic world.

P. H. L.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Prediction

SIR: That new book by Evelyn Waugh,
In faith, will make readers guffaugh.
But there'll be no dethronin'
Of robe-wearer Cronin—
His works are still looked on as laugh. WILL SCARLET.

New York, N. Y.

An Anthology in the Making

SIR: It is quite difficult for younger writers to organize themselves or to gain access to the work of others in the same category for lack of knowledge of them or their addresses. Making contacts through publishers or editorial staffs is a tedious and time-consuming process.

Therefore, I should like to ask the poet readers of the SRL to send me, as soon as possible, any poetry they might care to submit for possible publication in an anthology. I and an English veteran of this war are in earnest search of poems of this war written by new and younger poets, to be compiled in an American-British anthology in the next few months. We are having great difficulty in contacting the war poets. Lack of addresses, full names, or publishers, if any, are our greatest handicaps.

If anyone has any poetry written while he was in the service or to someone in it and it reflects the spirit of the times, please send it to me. I should be happy to consider it.

B. STANLEY HALPER.
420 West 121st St.,
New York 27, N. Y.

One Man's Belief

SIR: May I submit the following:

CREDO

I believe that God created man to live in peace and society with his fellow man.
I believe that mankind is one and that peace is one.
I believe that peace is "the tranquility of order."
I believe that God intended political society as one means whereby man might live in peace and achieve temporal well-being and happiness.
I believe that the function of political society is to provide for the common welfare and the common good.
I believe that political society cannot exist without order.
I believe that order cannot exist without authority.
I believe that just authority cannot exist without law.
I believe that law cannot exist without governmental agencies to enact, apply and enforce it.
I believe that governments are instituted by and for men and derive their just authority from the consent of the governed.
I believe that the moral principle of doing good and avoiding evil applies not only to men but to all political societies.
I believe that these truths apply universally to men and nations throughout the world.

I believe that atomic energy applied to purposes of war will not only destroy peace but may destroy civilization and mankind.
I believe that atomic energy dedicated to purposes of peace will enhance the inalienable right of men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.
I believe that justice and charity between man and man will promote respect for the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man and hasten the achievement of "peace on earth to men of good will."

THOMAS H. MAHONY.
Boston, Mass.

A Novelist Replies

SIR: I was prepared to profit by the criticism that the SRL meted out to my first novel, "Bright Star or Dark," but I found myself a little confused and considerably surprised.

The reviewer devotes some space to making his own point, with which I wholly agree, that "in some Irish the fanatic heart feeds only on the sterile nourishment of unreasoned hate." He then proceeds to criticize my central character for "aimless, undirected violence" which, he asserts, makes her "not in the least credible as an Irishwoman." I should think undirected violence is the logical outcome of unreasoned hate, and the reviewer himself has established unreasoned hate as the condition of at least "some Irish."

I was also surprised that the "vanity and incontinence" of my central character should have so roused the reviewer's indignation. It is an attitude I should have expected from a Boston censor of morals, but not from one of New York's critics of literature.

I was most of all surprised by what the reviewer considers to be "thoughts none but an American would have." Little as we can respect Germany's politics, even America cannot surpass her standards of sanitation. In point of fact it was a German in Dublin—and one who had never even visited America—who first directed my attention to the fact that milk was not pasteurized in Ireland, and should never be drunk without boiling. But perhaps this only substantiates another of my premises to which the reviewer took exception, namely that we Americans are sometimes "incredibly simple." RUTH PEABODY HARNDEN.

New York, N. Y.

Justice

SIR: There has just been brought to my notice a privately printed brochure entitled: "George D. Smith: A Memorial Tribute," compiled by one Charles Heartman. Having no first hand knowledge of the unsavory events it relates I have, naturally, no comment to make upon them.

Even considering the source, however, I cannot let pass unnoticed a sentence on page 23: "The late Harzof, or whatever his name was who could never do an honest piece of business," etc.

I ask the courtesy of your pages to protest against this gratuitous insult against the memory of one of the kindliest human beings and by all odds the best all-around bookman it has ever been my great fortune to know. DAVID A. RANDALL.

New York, N. Y.

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More Master Musicians

SCHUBERT. BY Arthur Hutchings. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1945. 177 pp. $2.50.

DVORAK. By Alec Robertson. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1945. 192 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by BRUCE SIMONDS

MASTER MUSICIANS series has long been favorably known to the public for its presentation in modest format of famous composers' lives, with interesting discussions of their music. Each volume contains a catalogue of the composer's work, a calendar of the events of his life, a bibliography, and index of personalia: appendices which some more pretentious biographies might do well to include. The series is now being revised by its editor, Eric Blom; new volumes such as Mr. Robertson's "Dvorák" have been added, and others, like Mr. Hutchings's "Schubert," have replaced former ones on the same subject. We are told that as the books of the original series go out of print, they will all be replaced.

In such small books, the reading matter in each of which does not extend beyond 200 pages, the first virtue must be that of clarity and conciseness. Mr. Hutchings contrives to meet these requirements remarkably well. In general the events in Schubert's life are given simply—I say "in general," for there are a few sad facetious circumlocutions such as "those with a wide space between nose and forelock" (horrible, sir!) for "high-brow"; due attention is paid to the latest information available, contained in O. E. Deutsch's new compilation of the complete documentary evidence regarding Schubert. An interesting picture of the Vienna of Schubert's time appears in the first chapter. Mr. Hutchings thinks that the prices Schubert obtained from his publishers compare favorably with those of the present day, and that the composer was not the neglected prophet in his own country that he has been supposed to be. The latter statement may be true, but one doubts whether his yearly income ever approached that of such composers as Edward Elgar or Richard Strauss or George Gershwin, though his output was far in advance of theirs. Certainly Schubert never received anything like $200 for a single song, which Strauss is said to have received Otherwise even his Bohemian way of living would have left him with more than sixty-three florins at the time of his death.

It has been difficult for Mr. Hutchings, as it would be difficult for anyone, to deal adequately with the enormous bulk of material produced by Schubert. The author apologizes for his relatively desultory treatment of Schubert's operas. One may say that he communicates his enthusiasms effectively. The symphonies, the chamber music, the choral works, the music for pianoforte, and the songs are all taken up in order. Harmonic felicities are pointed out; it is easy to find them in Schubert; one might wish that there might have been more analysis of his transitions and modulations, for this might help to explain the diffuseness of his music and its frequent failure to win appreciation, as in the case of the B-flat major piano sonata. The rhythms of Schubert are analyzed with sympathy and discrimination.

The ordinary music lover in reading this book may possibly feel an occasional twinge of exasperation when he finds that his pet song is passed by without comment. That is not Mr. Hutchings's fault—it is Schubert's for writing more than can be discussed in one small volume. In the case of Mr. Robertson's book on Dvorák, exactly the same effect of exasperation may arise from a diametrically opposite source. Here composition after composition is cited of which the music-lover has probably never heard. Either Dvorák has been very greatly neglected or he hardly deserves inclusion in this series of Master Musicians. Of the forty-seven single songs which Mr. Robertson names, I think only one ("Songs My Mother Taught Me") would be known to the general public. There is an entire chapter on the piano music, all of which has been forgotten by pianists. The Dvorák symphonies are never played with the exception of the "fifth" (really his ninth), the ever popular "Aus der Neuen Welt." It is reasuring to find that Mr. Robertson holds no brief for this symphony. His analysis of its defects, such as "the pronounced reliance on sequential treatment and repetition in the first and last movements," and the lack of integration in the slow movement, is sound. But are these defects peculiar to this symphony or do they run through more of Dvorák's work? Was his "personal mistrust" of his own compositions (the words are Mr. Robertson's) not the result of his insufficient command of the technique of composition? Does not his fear that the gift of God might fail him suggest that he wrote chiefly from inspiration insufficiently supported by knowledge? Mr. Robertson implies as much, but takes exception to Daniel Gregory Mason's statement that Dvorák "went forward in his steadfastness of aim, with a dumb persistence and an unthinking doggedness that didn't weigh motives or foresee obstacles." I am inclined to think that his position is not so far from Mr. Mason's as he seems to think.

Incidentally we learn that Dvorák received 4000 marks for the eight "Humoresques," one of which has become quite as famous as any of the Schubert songs; the others are forgotten. What would Schubert have thought of such a price?

Mr. Robertson does his best for Dvorák. He praises his "gift of movement," his "sweetness of sound," the intoxicating quality of his melody, the lusciousness of his harmony. But he cannot disguise the fact that frequently the poor construction of the music impairs the general effect to such an extent that the beauty remains unappreciated. If this book succeeds in reviving interest in Dvorák, it will be because the author's candor has induced us to trust his judgment about the compositions which we do not know and to sample them.

One still has the feeling, however, that the quest would in the long run be disappointing and that Mr. Blom might have chosen other master musicians for his series before Dvorák.

Bruce Simonds is dean of the Yale University School of Music.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 136

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 136 will be found in the next issue.

TRIM BRANDY RI

WFVQRQHBHIHMY.

—*MANMCM RFRK*—

MEJRFE BLIIVC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 135

BY NECESSITY, BY PROCLIVITY, AND BY DELIGHT, WE ALL QUOTE.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON. — QUOTATION AND ORIGINALITY.

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The Fame That Came Too Soon

BAD BOY OF MUSIC. By George Antheil. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 378 pp. $3.

Reviewed by CECIL SMITH

HAVING abandoned the bleeding hearts who depended upon his syndicated column of newspaper advice to the lovelorn, Mr. Antheil now seems to be out after a new public. The most likely audience for "Bad Boy of Music" would be, I should think, the Oscar Levant fans, who were taught in "A Smattering of Ignorance" that the life of a musician can best be told in terms of wisecracks and of scattered reminiscences of errant, and frequently unmannerly, behavior. If Mr. Antheil's public proves to be smaller than Mr. Levant's, as I suspect it will, the reason will not be any deficiency in Mr. Antheil's chalk-on-the-backfence air of dealing with the more prurient moments of his career. But Mr. Antheil is not basically as witty (may God forgive me the word in this context) as Mr. Levant, since he depends more upon an affable journalistic informality of manner and less upon the rapier word and phrase; and, furthermore, despite his long expatriation, Mr. Antheil somehow does not give the impression of having been as many places or of having met as many people on their own ground. Even at the very end of the book his enthusiastic endorsement of Leopold Stokowski and his new bride is still the enthusiasm of the outsider looking in, of the Trenton boy secretly pleased that he has gotten to know the great conductor. This is a completely different attitude from the spontaneous sense of belonging among the celebrities which suffuses Mr. Levant's book, or Grace Moore's; and because of it "Bad Boy of Music" gives a pathetic impression of straining to shoot off fireworks which won't work because the combustibles aren't there.

Yet the book may be a success as a source of royalties from the musical smart set and as a bid for appearances on "Information, Please," because the first part of it maintains its tone more consistently than the second part—an important matter when you consider how many more people begin to read light books than end them. Mr. Antheil's life divides neatly into two parts, detailed in two almost mathematically precise halves of the total page space. There is the part of his life leading up to the Paris performance of the "Ballet Mécanique," and there is the part since that unique occasion. Up to the time of the "Ballet Mécanique," his career, despite minor setbacks, was an upward graph of public acceptance, of support by the musical *avant garde* sufficient to warrant his decision to give up a promising pianistic career in favor of composition. But his Parisian success, while he was still in his twenties, put him in an awkward situation; he had hit the jackpot too soon. Consequently he has had to spend nearly twenty years mulling over what happened, and trying to find rationalizations for the musical world's failure to place him again on the pedestal of notoriety the noisy novelty of the "Ballet Mécanique" briefly secured for him.

Because his record of the last two decades makes him sound too much like a man who is whistling to keep his courage up, the book has a depressing effect if you read it all the way through. Indeed, when you consider that this time has been devoted to the composition of a rather small list of works, none of which has created any great éclat, and to the heroic effort, in these latter years, to make a living without succumbing to the siren voices of the Hollywood picture studios, it is difficult to see where the materials for a funny book are.

Fortunately, however, the last twenty years are the hardest, and the first half of the book manages to remain quite blithe. This was the period in which the author met most of the interesting people he has known—when he and Stravinsky were on terms of daily intimacy because both were immured in Berlin, which they hated; when he and Boski rented an apartment above the Paris bookshop of Sylvia Beach, who published James Joyce's "Ulysses" and knew every author worth the trouble; when he carried a revolver in a holster under his left arm throughout a tour of central Europe, and placed the gun prominently on his piano to coerce a Budapest audience into listening to some modern music not by Kodály or Bartók, and when he attended a Donaueschingen festival of contemporary music, receiving a thorough but not very effectual baptism in the music of Schoenberg and his disciples. The art of music was in a ferment in post-war Europe of the early 1920s, and Mr. Antheil and the "Ballet Mécanique" contributed to the fermentation process. When the book deals with these matters it is real, and it seems less forced in manner, because it is the work of one who was, for a time, an insider looking out and not an outsider looking in.

George Antheil gives the "impression of straining to shoot off fireworks which won't work because the combustibles aren't there."

But Paris lost its zest for Mr. Antheil, and he came back to a United States with which he was essentially unacquainted. Quickly he found, however, that the opportunist often gets along very well in this country even when the artist can't. He took $4,000 from *Esquire* by writing squibs entitled "She Is No Longer Faithful IF," and found a pattern of adjustment to the American reading public which led ultimately to his newspaper column, "Boy Advises Girl," and now, climactically, to the present autobiography.

When one realizes, through his own analysis of his motives and actions in the matter of making money, how commercially "Bad Boy of Music" is conceived, it is baffling to know what sort of appraisal to make of the undigested lumps of musical criticism and almost pedantic musical instruction which are scattered through the book. Mr. Antheil's career as a serious composer, which has been continuous if not copiously productive, has always been spurred on by a haunting dream, the proper analysis of which would require a steadier Freudian than I am. But somehow this dream, with irrevocable relation of cause to effect, has led him to the realization that the works of Mozart are not worth studying, and that the key to true musical advance is to be decoded in the late symphonies of Beethoven and the symphonies of Bruckner, Mahler, and (with less hearty endorsement) Sibelius. Stravinsky is a great composer, or he could not have written "Le Sacré du Printemps," but it is too bad that he has devoted his energy to neo-classicism, a style which ironically

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wrecked Mr. Antheil's chances with the Parisian public at the very time that it was carrying Stravinsky to increased fame. I had an intermittent feeling, renewed each time I came across one of these critical passages, that Mr. Antheil would like us to think that he possesses some sort of revelatory musical esthetic. I could never piece together the puzzle of what that esthetic might be. Just when I thought I had him spotted as an anti-classicist he said no, it is neo-classicism which is really anti-classical.

Somebody really ought to check through a book of this sort in the interests of elementary factual accuracy. The Donaueschingen festival Mr. Antheil attended was not, as he says, the first, but the second; the composers listed in the documentary record of the music performed on that occasion jibe only partly with those in his list; the music was not exclusively German, Austrian, Czech, and Hungarian, for a Dutchman and a Swiss-Italian were included. The director of the Monte Carlo opera, pathetically identified as "the composer Ginsberg," is really named Raoul Gunsbourg. Honegger's famous locomotive is called "Pacific 231" and not "Pacific 239," a description which would require it to have eighteen wheels under the engineer's cab. The index is an unexcelled madhouse. You have to look under "First" for "First String Quartet" and under "Second" for "Second Symphony"; Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms" is entered under "Psalms"; Antheil's "Quintet" is under "Quintet" because it is neither first nor second; moreover, the entries are whimsically polylingual, with titles in whatever language the author happened to employ in the body of the text.

Somewhere in the tasteless jumble of "Bad Boy of Music" was the book Mr. Antheil might have written, a book telling how it feels to have been successively famous and forgotten, and analyzing the undoubtedly complex emotions of one who has never been able to win at home the spectacular success he once enjoyed abroad. If Mr. Antheil had not wanted to merchandise himself along with his book, he might have written with more seriousness and value, for occasionally he gives hints that he would be able to do so. As it is, unfortunately, he has done little more than provide one more piece of evidence to support those who think of creative artists as poseurs.

Cecil Smith is chairman of the Department of Music at the University of Chicago.

Dr. Spaeth Re-introduces Music

AT HOME WITH MUSIC. By Dr. Sigmund Spaeth. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 317 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM J. MITCHELL

VIRGIL THOMSON in "The State of Music" writes with brilliance and rare penetration on what he calls "the Appreciation-racket." All prospective buyers of introductions to music should ponder his comments. Certainly, they have not been brought to the attention of authors, for their capsule-culture books stream out of publishing houses in an alarming volume. And almost all of them follow a procedure or routine that can be as clearly outlined as their common *summum bonum*, the Sonata Form, which provides the central theme and climax of their writings.

Dr. Spaeth is an old hand at introducing America to music. His messages have been preached from the lecture platform and the radio studio, and they are available in his many books, unrevised portions of which form a large part of the present "At Home with Music." And with this rich experience behind him, it can be said that he now stands as a master of literary form and verbal orchestration, the peer of any practitioner of his art. Let us analyze his latest serious work, opus 21, which appeared concurrently with his lighter "Fun with Music," not to be confused with the earlier "Music for Fun."

INTRODUCTION. Andante amabile. The reader is told that his tastes are good as they stand. All he needs is some guidance and a collection of records, which is presented as "a sure-fire list of recorded classics." They range from Beethoven's Fifth to Weber's Oberon and are followed by a second list, "Music You Enjoy." Since not all of the more extensive first listings appear in the second, an obvious conclusion is inescapable. The second section of the introduction tells the reader that his children, too, are musical. Practical advice, here, mingles with the injunction to use the phonograph and make purchases from another large list of records. Thus, before the main body of the work has been reached the Record Motive has been clearly stated and repeated.

EXPOSITION. Allegro molto. Alla breve. With no thought of breaking any of the classic rules of form, this section concerns itself with musical theory. There is a noticeable quickening of the tempo as the first theme, spare and economical, prances through sections on rhythm, melody, and harmony. The second theme, broader, enumerates and describes the instruments of the orchestra and leads to a transition which features a long statement of the Record Motive with a range that reaches from Arensky to Wolf-Ferrari. The concluding theme on form starts pianissimo and works up to an overwhelming climax, brass alone, on the sonata form, featuring Schubert's Unfinished, Mozart's G-minor, and Beethoven's Fifth with passing references to the Record Motive.

DEVELOPMENT. The material is based on the Record Motive, the Theory Theme, and what had previously been subsidiary elements: history (an irregular theme of wide erratic leaps), and esthetics. All are characterized by a rich inventiveness and fantasy, even though the details of treatment are hoary. History strikes like Puss-in-boots from page to page against a firm counterpoint of esthetics. This venerable counterpoint consists of three Bs and W (W being German for opera). The third B grows steadily louder and tends eventually to overwhelm the others. To quote: "Musicians are beginning to think that the Third Symphony is the finest of all the Brahms works, and possibly the finest in all musical literature." Haunting legendary harmonies make brief appearances: The earliest known piece of polyphonic music is, of course, "Sumer is icumen in"; Palestrina, answering the challenge of the Council of Trent, produces the Pope Marcellus Mass and two others to save the day for polyphonic Catholic music. Then, too, there is the solemn Procession of the Fathers including Palestrina, the sire of church music, Haydn of the symphony and chamber music, and Mozart of the piano concerto as we know it today. But Bach is an-

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nounced in a misleading quiet as the father of Music as it is known today. Who knows what imputation of fatherhood the future hides from Sibelius, who is disclosed as the "most important contemporary composer"? If all of this seems to be classic appreciation procedure, individuality of treatment is provided by constant use of one characteristic device, tune detecting, and brief reference to another, the setting of doggerel to symphonic themes.

RECAPITULATION. Maestoso rinforzo. This is a direct continuation of the spirit of the development, but it returns to the concluding theme of the exposition. Called "Symphonic Supremacy," it is scored for full orchestra. The triumphant nature of this section leaves no lingering doubt over the bitter fate of those arch-foes of absolute music, opera (music drama excluded), and everything that smacks of the program or dalliance with a text. There follows a short lament on Modernism and Jazz ("both may be . . . defined as the distortion of the conventional"). Then with a sudden resumption of the breathless pace of the exposition, there appears a final, brisk "Dash of Music History."

CODA. Tranquillo. Over a repeated figure in the percussion made out of the Record Motive, we are told to listen to no one but ourselves and a good radio-phonograph. A soloist, Mr. Frank Freimann of the Magnavox Company, supplies a cadenza in the form of technical data on machines and records, and the whole work ends almost inaudibly in a brief biographical section, a reference to the Record Motive, this time addressed to children.

William J. Mitchell is assistant professor of music in Columbia University.

Going Music One Better

MORE THAN SINGING. By Lotte Lehmann. New York: Boosey and Hawkes, Inc. 1945. 192 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ASHLEY PETTIS

IN Madame Lehmann's introduction she asserts: "It is only with the greatest hesitation that I dare put into words my ideas regarding the interpretation of lieder." And, after perusing the book, one is impelled to regret that the "hesitation" was not prolonged sufficiently to prevent her from adding gloom and obscuration to the twilight of a long and distinguished career as a lieder and operatic singer.

The first sentence of the introduction: "Interpretation means: individual understanding and reproduction," and the additional exposition: "First and foremost I want to say that this book will fail in its purpose, if the young singers, for whom I am writing it, should consider my conceptions as something final and try to imitate them instead of *developing their own interpretation which should spring with originality and vitality from their own minds and souls*," suggest that Madame Lehmann's primary thesis is akin to that of one of Dr. Samuel Johnson's contemporaries: "A man of one idea—and that a wrong one."

The revelation of the "soul" of a young singer, through the media of lieder, is a most dangerous misconception of the function of the "interpretive" artist, which, if widely disseminated and followed, might well result in a renaissance of that most pernicious form of German romanticism—music for "self expression." And one does not have to read very far in Madame Lehmann's detailed and effusive personalizations of various lieder by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Wolf, Strauss, Mahler, *et al.*, as well as songs by Debussy, Duparc, Faure, Hahn, and others, to suspect that the book was originally written in German. Upon turning to the second title page the suspicion is confirmed in the words: "Translated by Frances Holden." It is entirely unnecessary to state from what language the translation was made. In relatively unemotional English, the gushy effusiveness of this strange book is revealed in pitiless light.

Not that there is not much good

advice given "young singers" by Madame Lehmann. In such observations as "Those singers who seem to consider only voice quality and smooth technique" and "I have listened to many young singers, and have found with ever increasing astonishment that they consider their preparation finished when they have developed a lovely voice, a serviceable technique, and musical accuracy," she offers self-evident truths. But these are approached negatively. The burden of what Madame Lehmann would inculcate is, in principle and detailed description, always indissolubly linked with a mysterious, "boundless world of expression. And it will be seen that there is not just *one*, but a variegated pattern of ways, which lead to this goal. Only he who seeks it with his whole heart will find his own approach to interpretation."

Through this magical approach, by means of which the novitiate would, presumably, be inducted into the mysteries of a great art, we would be flooded with as many conceptions, or "interpretations," of lieder as there are aspirants to fame and fortune—but, above all, from various and sundry who would reveal their own souls to a world thirsting for such experiences.

In Madame Lehmann's ecstatic, detailed description of the innermost meanings of some eighty-two songs, in addition to five of the great song cycles, an exegetic approach is constantly sublimated to personalized "interpretation." In the re-creation of a song through the interaction of an adequately prepared, intelligent performing artist, poetry and its musical investiture is avoided, as though it were non-existent. Meanings must be read into these songs; the soul of the "interpreter" must be revealed.

Having given fulsome directions and tiresome, long-winded descriptions of many lieder, Madame Lehmann, in considering with unwonted brevity *Wasserflut* from Schubert's cycle *Die Winterreise*, and after advising that "your phrasing must be floating like a breath of wind," belatedly concludes with a sage observation: "To give too many details or too much advice for this song might lead to destroying the greatness of line. The interpretation here really needs no explanation." Would that such a trenchant conclusion had actuated Madame Lehmann's approach to the treatment of a subject of which the less said and written the better.

For a lucid, esthetically right approach to the subject of the union of words and music, both for creative and interpretive artists, no simpler, more healthful example comes to mind than Edgar Allan Poe's essay

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on "The Poetic Principle." It is also an effective antidote to Madame Lehmann's futile attempt to express those things which may only be said with music based upon words. In effect, having gilded the lily, she has revealed nothing that is not implicit in the words and music of the lieder she discusses with such ecstatic effusions. As Randall Thompson recently commented, when asked to "explain" one of his compositions: "It is too disheartening to try to put into words what one has gone to such pains to say as clearly as possible in music;" or, one might add, for the so-called "interpreter" to supplement the musical creators' ideas with the result of "personal experience." Such an approach is too frequently fraught with the danger of supplanting the greater with the lesser.

Bach Capably Documented

THE BACH READER: A Life of Johann Sebastian Bach in Letters and Documents. Edited by Hans T. David and Arthur Mendel. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1945. 386 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MOORE

"THE BACH READER" is another milestone in the triumphant career of the Leipzig cantor who has been dead nearly two hundred years but whose popularity continues to grow. One hundred years ago, or in 1850 to be precise, the memorable volumes of the *Bach Gesellschaft* first appeared. The society responsible for the publication of this work had as its aim a series of volumes presenting the exact text of his entire musical output. This text served to strip away the editorial interpretations of his music and to restore the original clarity and balance. It exists today as a bulwark against the distortions and extravagances which seem always to accompany wide popularity.

And now by collecting and translating all the available Bach documents and letters, Hans David and Arthur Mendel, both of them able and devoted Bach scholars, have succeeded in clearing the air in the consideration of Bach, the historical figure. As the arrangers of the mid-nineteenth century were inclined to modify the music texts to conform to prevailing fashion, the writers of today, particularly those of the interpretive school, have been tempted to spin out biographical fancies that are highly subjective and often inaccurate. From now on the Bach lover will be amply protected. Here at his elbow in clear and convincing arrangement is the fruit of years of scholarly research.

The book begins with a summary portrait in outline by the editors which is a model of brevity and understanding. The documents follow, grouped about those cities from Eisenach to Leipzig in which the composer pursued his unspectacular and localized career. These documents, as will be suspected by anyone who has read a life of Bach, are far from voluminous: Bach himself had little gift of literary expression and he was scarcely a figure of sufficient contemporary importance to cause many others to write to or about him; but to lovers of his music all of them are precious. The reader will discover among them the sources of the familiar legends and will be in a position to fashion a life for himself with his own interpretations, if that should be his pleasure.

In examining the documents many things which we have been told about Bach appear with striking emphasis in the source material. For example, the deeply religious nature of the composer, which can be felt in much of the music, is given a new significance when the listing of his library as reported by his trustees in the Specificatio of his estate is read. The sixty-odd volumes catalogued consist entirely of religious works, many of them of a scholarly theological nature.

After the section containing the documents there is the familiar genealogy of the Bach family and his obituary as prepared by C.P.E. Bach and Agricola, the source of much of our knowledge of the life history. There is also an absorbing section devoted to Bach as seen by his contemporaries, brief comments and descriptions in articles written before and shortly after his death. This is followed by the complete monograph by J. N. Forkel, the first life of Bach, published in 1820, many years before the establishment of his great fame. The story of the spread of this fame, one of the most interesting phenomena in music history, is outlined in documents which include opinions and anecdotes by Mozart, Beethoven, Czerny, Rochlitz, Wesley, Goethe, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz, Nietzsche, Wagner, and Spitta.

It will be evident from a reading of the table of contents alone that here is rich fare for the Bach gourmet. One can only add that the book is handsome in appearance and includes some excellent illustrations, portraits, and early engravings.

A word should be said of the significance of the publication of this book. The fact that there is a public for a work of this sort, and evidence is at hand that there is, and a large one, is a cause for rejoicing and an indication that the reading public is prepared to accept its music seriously. Musicology, as we are often assured, is a forbidding word and its practitioners are regarded as remote and unfriendly by a public nurtured on the cosy superficialities of radio commentators and guides to appreciation. In "The Bach Reader" musicology takes us behind the scenes and shows us the source material itself. I suspect many readers will discover that not only is it more interesting, but that scholarship can even be more entertaining, than hot air.

—*Bettmann Archive*

Bach and his family, from the painting by Toby E. Rosenthal.

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TRADE Winds

AT LEAST ONE question you need not bother your pretty heads about this year is what has become of all the juveniles that grandma and grandpa used to read. The answer is that they are being dusted off, refurbished, and trotted out again by various entrepreneurs who have decided, possibly a bit too optimistically, that our own children may find them irresistible too.

Item: Crown Publishers have resurrected Horatio Alger, Jr.'s, "Jed the Poorhouse Boy," "Ragged Dick," and "Phil the Fiddler" in an omnibus that contains a foreword by Russel Crouse, who hastens to point out that he boasts absolutely none of the virtues that made the good Horatio's heroes such insufferable prigs. The book has reached the 8000 mark —not bad, but no landslide in these days of flabby sales resistance—and is a mere drop in the bucket compared to the 200,000,000 copies previously sold of Alger's success stories.

Item: A musical comedy based on the antics of the Rover Boys is going the rounds and probably will be popping up—with a DeMille dream ballet —at some Broadway theatre soon. Many of you must remember Tom, Sam, and Dick Rover, the villainous Arnold Baxter and his good-for-nothing son, Dan, and the faithful friend, "Songbird" Powell. One of the Rovers was always described as "fun-loving," and another wooed a lass named Dora with more than middling success, but darned if I can recall which was which.

Item: Henry Steele Commager, the Columbia historian, is compiling an anthology of the choicer pieces in the old *St. Nicholas Magazine*, with his wife and family helping to select, snip, paste, and dispose of the royalties. Henry, besides being this column's favorite living annalist, has a rare intuition for what the public is apt to crave six months hence; his decision to wallow in mellowed juvenilia makes the trend official. (Psst, Henry! For a price I can be persuaded to let you include a monograph which won me a silver badge in 1911, entitled "How I Spent My Vacation.")

All that remains is for some intrepid soul to disinter Elsie Dinsmore. Vincent Starrett is authority for the astonishing statement that in the last little Elsie book she achieved puberty, and married her father's friend, Edward Travilla. After she had been wed for several days, and persisted in calling her spouse "Mr. Travilla," he threw over the traces and chided her (albeit gently): "Why don't you call me 'Edward,' my little Elsie?" To which she replied blushingly, "But sir, that seems so familiar!" It's there word for word, swears Vincent, if you want to check for yourself in "Elsie's Womanhood." . . .

WHEN I WAS fifteen, I leaned to the stories of Ralph Henry Barbour, "The Crimson Sweater" and "Weatherby's Inning" in particular. I understand both are still in print. Another of my favorites was "Frank Merriwell at Yale," and there's talk that Bantam Books may essay a quarter edition of that undisputed classic if (1) the rights can be cleared, and (2) the dealers don't object too violently to the experiment. On the side, I lapped up *Popular* and *Top-Notch Magazines*, and the novels of Holworthy Hall and Henry Sydnor Harrison. Just when my Uncle Herbert was despairing of my literary tastes, I fell under the spell of Professor Harrison Steeves, and discovered in the space of one unforgettable month "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Tono Bungay," "The Dark Flower," and "The Return of the Native."

Publishers who speak bravely of improving the literary taste of the younger generation are shooting at the wrong target, I think, when they train their guns on the kids themselves. They need only develop more teachers with the enthusiasm and the ability to present great literature properly to their classes. The reason so many students read a book for virtually the last time when they graduate from school is not that their taste is inherently bad, but that unimaginative, plodding instructors have made the study of literature a dreary chore instead of an unbelievable delight. . . .

SPEAKING OF Russel Crouse, which I seem to be doing frequently, I have just heard how he first became the collaborator of Howard Lindsay. Cole Porter visited Neysa McMein one weekend and told her: "I'm planning a new musical with Lindsay, but he's busy, and is looking for someone to help him with the book. Any suggestions?" Miss McMein had none at the moment, but that night she dreamed of Buck Crouse, and being a lady who sets great store by that sort of thing, phoned him bright and early the next morning. "You go right down to see Howard Lindsay," she ordered, "and tell him that you were made for each other." Crouse did, and they were. The play, incidentally, was "Anything Goes." . . .

MR. CROUSE, giddy from the royalties on "State of the Union" and the published version of "Strip for Action," also tells of the days when he used to lug cartloads of wool to the red mill in his native hamlet. The road skirted a big lake that was owned by the local tycoon, a curmudgeon from way back. One cold winter morning, alert young Russel noticed that the lake was frozen over, and quickly calculated that he could clip two full miles off his journey by hauling his load straight over the pond. When he was halfway across, however, the curmudgeon came charging from his den and hollered, "I'm danged if I let you pull the wool over my ice." . . . The fact must be faced that this is almost as appalling as the latest mot of young Ben Huebsch (the Junior Myth). He called Mrs. Harold Guinzburg on the phone and said, "Alice, you know buttercups are yellow, but what color, pray, are hiccoughs?" "I give up," said Alice warily. "Burple," whispered Ben. They yanked his phone out a few minutes later. . . .

THERE IS A new play in the works called "Between Covers," a satire on best-sellers. I hope it's a little more subtle than the obvious chit-chat

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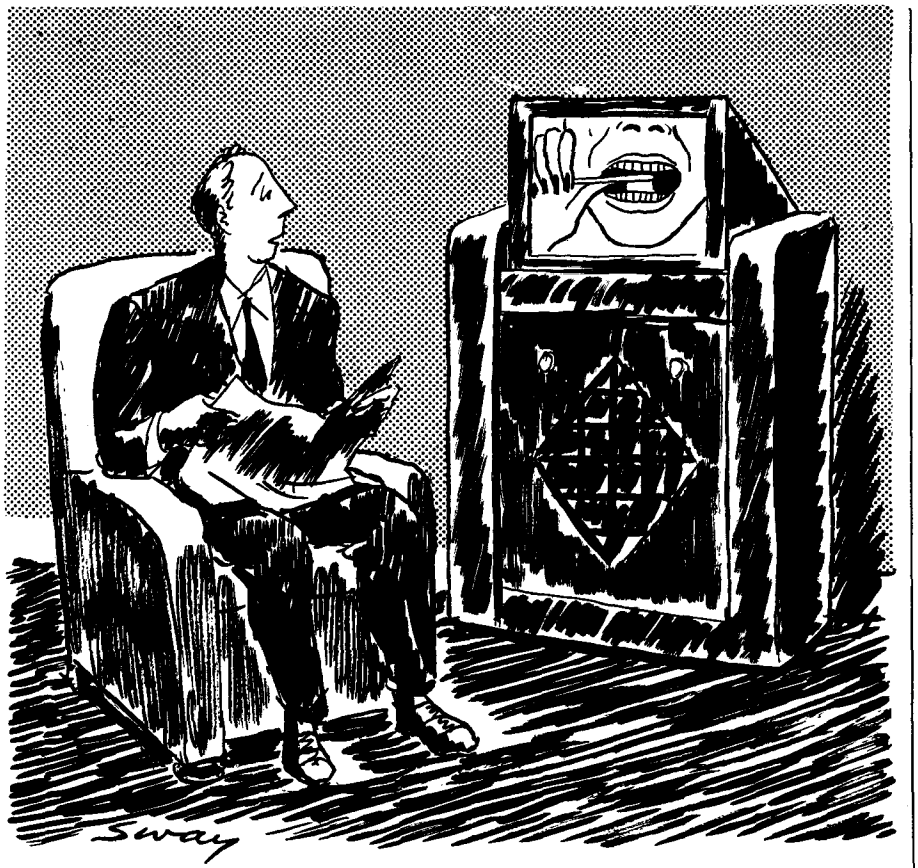

about "Always Opal" in Elmer Rice's otherwise delightful "Dream Girl." . . . One of Jerome Kern's last melodies will rank with his greatest hits. It adorns the score of the screen version of Albert Idell's "Centennial Summer," due in April or thereabouts. . . . Edwin Seaver's annual "Cross Section" anthologies will be published hereafter by Simon and Schuster. The current one is a selection of the Book Find Club. . . . That always interesting magazine *American Notes and Queries* poses a question that some Trade Winds reader may feel qualified to answer: How long must a man be dead before one stops calling him "the late Mr. So-and-So"? And who first used "the late" in this connection? . . . I referred above to Bantam Books. This highly-publicized new twenty-five-cent series is now launched and the great good will existing between its sponsors and the Pocket Book boys has overflown to the advertising pages. To prove the sincerity of their protestations, the editors of Pocket Books have more Bantams on their planning desks than products of their own, and there isn't a corner of the Bantam offices that isn't laden with Pocket Books. It's love, that's what it is! . . . Lynn Carrick of Lippincott's scored a coup by signing up Fiorello LaGuardia's autobiography before other publishers even knew he contemplated writing it. He has rejected the title "Hat's Castle." . . . Two highly touted novels on the Spring lists: Robert Wilder's "Written on the Wind," and Mary Jane Ward's "The Snake Pit." . . .

BACK IN HER secluded country home at Henley-on-Thames is the creator of the Scarlet Pimpernel, Baroness Orczy, now in her late seventies, after a five-year ordeal that paralleled the wildest adventures of her fictional hero. She was domiciled at a villa in Monte Carlo; directly next door Gestapo headquarters were set up. Day after day she watched motorcyclists and men in sleek, black Mercedes-Benz limousines dash out one hour and return the next, dragging some unfortunate wretch for questioning and worse—just such civilians as those whom the Pimpernel snatched from the Bastille and the Conciergerie. The aging Baroness, helpless but unafraid, held her ground, and occasionally was able to help prisoners fortunate enough to be released. Just as it was becoming intolerable, two things happened: the Nazis collapsed, and, just before the town's liberation, an R.A.F. bomb, intended for the Nazi H. Q., made a direct hit on the Orczy villa. The Baroness pulled herself, unhurt, out of the wreckage, and came home to England as soon as she could negotiate the trip. "More Pimpernel stories?" she parried a reporter. "No, no. I will spend my last years in recollection of my own adventures!"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

PAUL is on a vacation. When my book, **The Zebra Derby,** comes out, Paul goes on a vacation. Does he go on a vacation when Somerset Maugham has a book? Does he go on a vacation when Kenneth Roberts has a book? He should live so long.

But when I have a book, he has to run to Martha's Vineyard to find out whether Martha's vines have tender grapes.

So I've got to write my own ad copy. I had one fine idea for a **Zebra Derby,** ad, but I had to abandon it. I was going to have this page of the Saturday Review printed in zebra skin. Doing that, however, would have meant confining Bennett Cerf's column to one page. I was afraid that if Cerf only had to write half a column for this week, it would have left him with so much extra time that he would have compiled another anthology.

Come to think of it, that's a hell of a way to treat an author—making him write his own ad copy. It's a wonder the whole Doubleday organization didn't go on vacation when my book came out. I'm surprised that I didn't have to call at the press myself, pick up **The Zebra Derby,** and go out and hawk it. "Gitchur red hot **Zebra Derby** here! Read all about Asa Hearthrug, the cretins' Sinatra. Funniest thing since H. Allen Smith wrote *Oedipus Rex.* Only two bucks, the tenth part of twenty dollars. Entire book printed from movable type. Gitchur red hot **Zebra Derby** here!" (Say, I better stop this. Doubleday might really make me do it.)

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

"SHOWBOAT" SAILS AGAIN—

EDITOR'S NOTE: John Mason Brown is completing a lecture tour. His column will be resumed next week.

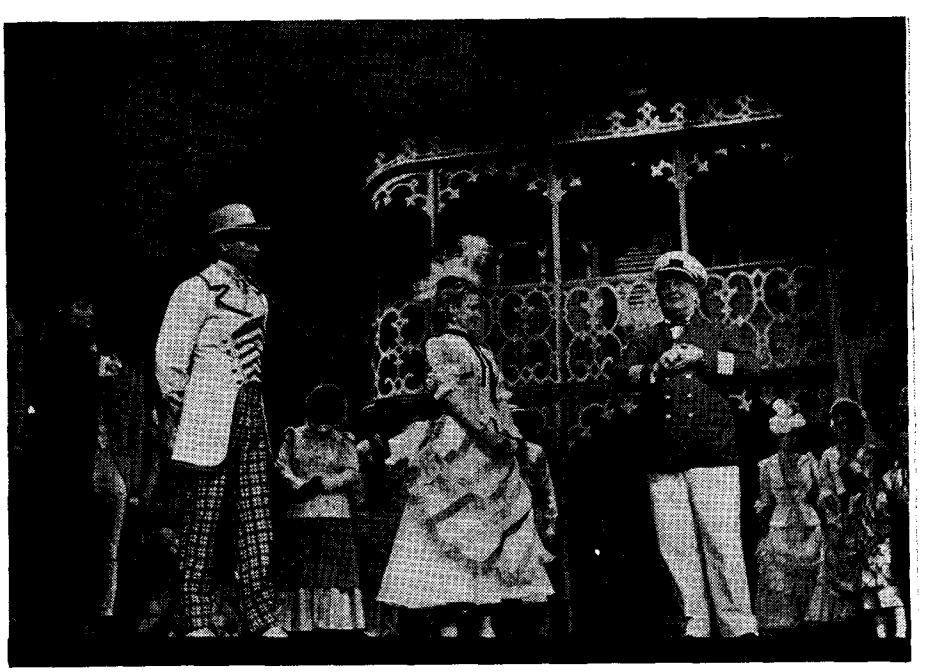
IT WILL always be a source of deep gratification to me that Philip Barry wrote a play called "Paris Bound" and that it was first presented in New York on the night of December 27, 1927. In those days I was the late and incomparable Percy Hammond's second-string drama critic on the *Herald Tribune*, and it happened that a musical show was opening on the same evening. In the case of such conflicting premieres, it is, as you know, the rather intellectually snobbish unwritten law of newspaper criticism that the first-string reviewer must go to the so-called "legitimate" play and send his assisant to cover the musical. So Percy went to see "Paris Bound" and I was assigned to the second-string opening. Since, of course, it turned out that what I saw was something called "Show Boat,"* the cause for my gratification is apparent.

Obviously the chief reason why I bring up the fact that I reviewed the historic opening of the greatest of American musical shows is that I am inordinately proud of it. John Byram, who is now a power in the theatre as a big-shot in Paramount Pictures' play department but was then Brooks Atkinson's assistant on *The New York Times*, and I have clearly done many splendid things in our notable careers, but there are few matters that we preen ourselves over more contentedly than that we reviewed this authentic national classic when it was presented to Broadway and didn't overlook its magnificence. There is, however, another cause for bringing up such an autobiographical note. Having, in a manner of speaking, been in at the birth of a classic, I have always felt a fiercely jealous possessive interest in it, but, at the same time, have wondered secretly, almost subconsciously, if time would reveal that it was really as wonderful as we all thought it was back in a day filled with rose-colored memories.

Such memories are generally supposed to throw a sweet and nostalgic glow over events which renders any real critical consideration of them impossible, but, when "Show Boat" was presented once again a week ago at the very Ziegfeld Theatre where it was first seen almost nineteen years ago, it didn't altogether work out that way. On the contrary, I found myself—for a while—grimly hypercritical, determined to find out unsparingly, not only if the new cast and production could match happy recollections of the past, but also if the whole Kern-Hammerstein achievement was like the city hall in the old home town, which seemed so huge when you were a boy and so pathetically small when you went back to see it after many years. This suspicion, on two scores, combined with that sense of possessiveness, made me approach the Ziegfeld Theatre with grim apprehension. I need not have feared. "Show Boat" is just as enchanting as memory had made it; in fact, if anything, it is even a more sturdy dramatic structure than I had remembered. As for the new production, it is in most ways as brilliant as the original, and in some it is better than the one peopled with those ghosts of the splendid past.

There is something gallantly foolhardy about actors who take on roles sacred to the memories of players who have become legendary but are of recent enough vintage to have been seen by sizable numbers of surviving playgoers. I remember several years ago when Tallulah Bankhead appeared in the revival of "Rain." She wasn't altogether well-cast, but her performance was characteristically effective; yet she didn't have a chance, since she was challenging not only the actuality of Jeanne Eagels's unforgettable portrayal but the entire Jeanne Eagles legend. Some of the performers in the current "Show Boat" do not face quite so great a handicap. For example, Jan Clayton, who was lovely in "Carousel," is again charming as the new Magnolia, while Charles Fredericks is a reasonably successful Gaylord Ravenal—Miss Ferber does know how to pick names with the proper romantic dash!—and I think that both of them succeed in being more effective than their predecessors who created the roles. It happens, however, that while those predecessors, Norma Terris and Howard Marsh, had their merits, being romantic figures was not among them, while Miss Clayton, in particular, and Mr. Fredericks, to a lesser extent, are properly equipped in this respect.

Then there is Kenneth Spencer, who follows Jules Bledsoe, creator of the part, and Paul Robeson, who played it in the first revival, as Joe who sings the most famous song in the superb score, "Ol' Man River." He sings it magnificently, and since that is virtually the extent of his role's otherwise limited requirement, there is little likelihood that any



—*Graphic House*

This "Show Boat" is just as enchanting as memory made it . . . in most ways brilliant as the original, and in some . . . better than the one peopled with ghosts of the past."

* SHOWBOAT, a musical comedy presented by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd at the Ziegfeld. Based on the novel by Edna Ferber. Book and Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Music by Jerome Kern. Staged by Hassard Short. Settings by Howard Bay. Costumes by Lucinda Ballard. With a cast including Ralph Dumke, Carol Bruce, Charles Fredericks, Kenneth Spencer, Pearl Primus and Jan Clayton.

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Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
Broadway Thea. B'way & 53 St.
Mats. Sat. & Sun.

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in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
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("A Dream of a Play"—Chapman, News)
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
BETTY FIELD
in ELMER RICE'S NEW COMEDY
DREAM GIRL
Staged by THE AUTHOR
CORONET Thea., 49 St. W. of B'way. CI. 6-8870
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one will find memories of either of his predecessors standing reproachfully in the way of enjoyment. I say this, not to belittle Mr. Spencer's achievement, which is a very real one, any more than I would deprecate the success of Miss Clayton and Mr. Fredericks in two of the great romantic roles of the American theatre. It is merely brought up here to suggest in some part the toughest assignment and the greatest personal triumph of the new production.

That triumph, to leave you in suspense no longer, belongs very completely to Carol Bruce, who now has the role of the tragic Julie. It is Julie, you will remember, who sings "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" and "Bill." Above all, it is Julie who was played by Helen Morgan in the original production. No one in the modern theatre has become quite so completely a legendary figure of wistful pathos as the late Miss Morgan, that sad-faced, sad-eyed young woman, who seemed forever on the verge of tears and whose hands fluttered forlornly as she sang of unrequited love and hopeless, doomed romance with such lyric effectiveness that she became the very spirit of that sentimental sense of bafflement and insecurity which was only partly concealed by the crazy hilarity of the Speakeasy Age. She was a magnificent performer in life and a legendary heroine in death, and her memory is everyone's greatest personal recollection of "Show Boat."

If Miss Bankhead, when she tried the Jeanne Eagels role in "Rain," had the almost impossible task of overcoming the ghost of a great theatrical memory, Miss Bruce's problem, I cannot help thinking, was an even greater one. What she had to face was not only a great theatrical memory but the figure that romantically symbolized an entire epoch in the history of that theatre and the emotional life of the generation that still composes the bulk of playgoing support for the New York stage. Certainly there were people in that first-night audience who would have been capable of homicide if she had seemed in any way unworthy of their memories. Miss Bruce had not been on the stage more than a minute before it was evident that she was going to be one of the joys of the new "Show Boat"; the only matter conceivably in doubt was the exact extent of her success. Then, in the second act, she sang "Bill," and the resulting ovation made it clear that she had met the terrifying test of competing with both the Morgan reality and the Morgan legend and had passed it triumphantly.

This is not to say that she is any

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Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
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Book & Lyrics by Betty COMDEN & Adolph GREEN
Music by Morton GOULD
Choreography and Musical Numbers Staged by Jerome ROBBINS
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Music by Leonard BERNSTEIN
Dances by Jerome ROBBINS
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Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. Tetzel, A. Gessner, R. Bishop
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St. - Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
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ODETTE MYRTIL • DOROTHY STONE
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Staged by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
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better as Julie than was Miss Morgan. It does mean that she sings the same songs so beautifully and movingly and plays with such honest emotional skill that her performance becomes something to be judged in its own right; it means, likewise, that what she does is neither an imitation of a famous predecessor or the result of a ruthless determination to do everything differently. Nevertheless it is impossible to resist making certain comparisions, and, while I repeat that I do not say she is finer than her predecessor, I am willing to risk the charge of sacrilege by reporting my conviction that in at least one or two ways she seems to me more satisfying. For one thing she possesses a grave, romantic loveliness which gives her a physical advantage over her predecessor that is not to be overlooked in such a role. For another she captures a deeply moving and completely credible mood of lyric sadness in her playing, as well as in her singing, which the stylized Miss Morgan managed only when she sang. I rather think Miss Bruce is magnificent.

Having set down a number of items in which the new "Show Boat" seems to me as admirable as the original production if not considerably better, it is only fair to suggest a few details in which it is my recollection that the first version, as presented by the late Flo Ziegfeld—who, come to think of it, was rather a legendary fellow himself, although to my mind not an engaging one—was superior. Howard Bay's current sets are satisfactory but they lack the color, imagination, and gayety that the late Josef Urban got into his designs for the first edition. I am sure, too, that Charles Winninger, who was wonderfully funny and charming as Captain Andy in 1927, by no means meets his match in Ralph Dumke, who isn't at all bad but lacks the rich warmth of his predecessor. Assuredly anyone who heard Mr. Winninger's cheery cry of "Happy New Year," on the occasion of Captain Andy's night out in turn-of-the-century Chicago is bound to be discontented with Mr. Dumke's version. Then, too, Ethel Owen's Parthy suffers from comparison with Edna May Oliver, one of the original comediennes of her time, who gave Captain Andy's wife a fascinatingly acidulous scorn far beyond the simple shrewishness that Miss Owen offers.

It is comforting to find that the new production is so happy, but even more gratifying to us veterans is to see how really splendid "Show Boat" is. Even beyond the value of its wonderful songs is the manner in which the book captures and maintains, in addition to a great deal of the sweep, color, and richness of its period and the racy Americana of its setting, a high romantic mood that frequently succeeds in being honestly touching. There is a tendency among some of the current dramatic critics—having reviewed the original "Show Boat" makes me feel particularly snobbish toward them!—to be uncomfortable amid works that take their romance with unashamed seriousness and to greet them scornfully with cries of "hokum" and "schmaltz" and, most withering of all, "corn." It is not the least of the new triumphs of "Show Boat" that even these sensitive reviewers, after gulping a few times, accepted its mood and the quality of its story telling and had to admit that it was pretty fine stuff.

Since I seem to be emphasizing my early critical insight in appreciating the 1927 "Show Boat" at its proper value, it is but fair for me to add that, in looking over my review, which appeared in the *Herald Tribune* the day following the premiere, I find that I went in for quite a bit of what now seems embarrassing caginess. For example, about the music. After noting that Mr. Kern proved "once again that he is the master of all the writers of popular music," I added that "he provided a score that is equally as lovely and considerably more inventive than any other musical effort that has come this way during the season," which now appears a masterpiece of understatement. Then, after going in for praise of the individual numbers, I noted that they were "almost certain of securing that meretricious success of being popular in the cabarets," which must have been the statement of the year least calculated to cause anyone to dispute it.

My summaries were a little cautious, too. I noted in the first paragraph that "Show Boat" was "a beautiful, colorful, and tasteful production, so full of gorgeous pictorial atmosphere and so assisted by an excellent Jerome Kern musical score that it seems bound to be one of the outstanding triumphs of the season," which certainly revealed an almost morbid fear of superlatives, as did the closing sentence, which made the daring prediction that the show "can hardly avoid being a sensational triumph for Mr. Ziegfeld." There was, however, one sadly prophetic note. After wisely referring to Jerome Kern as "incomparable," I wrote that the score would "make you mourn all the more because Mr. Kern has been so silent of late." Now that we are never to hear a new Kern musical show, the sense of loss and sadness is eased by our happiness that he has left behind so enduring a monument as "Show Boat."

RICHARD WATTS, JR.

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THOSE OTHER PEOPLE is the story of a twenty-four hour search through New Orleans for a red-headed sailor on leave. This search begins with Leah's first glimpse of him in a bar where because she is lost in the pleasure of talking to him she forgets to find out how she may ever see him again. This is not the story of an ordinary pursuit, for Leah has no idea what red-headed sailors do with their leave; especially she does not know what her own particular sailor would do. Nevertheless, her lonely day of fear that she may never find him, her day of wandering in and out of the curious corners of the Vieux Carre, her encounters with the odd and unrelated people — those other people — whose joys and sorrows, intrigues and impulses seem to be shaking her destiny while she walks helplessly by — is the stuff that literature is made of.
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New Publications of Music

ELLIOTT CARTER

ON the basis of music printed in 1945, it is hard to predict what the dominant post-war trend in contemporary composition will be. As in every other field, people expect a change, and yet nobody seems to be able to guess what is going to happen. The startling "modernists" conquered the concert halls and opera stages after World War I. Some people today expect a similar emergence of a new group that will capture forward-looking imaginations with dramatically novel works and new slogans. This movement might originate in one of three quarters. The ultra-dissonant school, with its mystical or primitive ecstasies, might appear in a new guise. Or a group previously out of step, such as one brand of impressionists or another, may call the tune. We might even have a widespread classical revival with correctness and order the prime considerations. So far, the trend which began in the thirties to infuse music with greater plasticity and variety of feeling looks as though it will continue to bring about a slow change.

As time goes on it is becoming clearer that the distinguishing characteristic of the period now losing its momentum was a tendency to focus on a particular domain of expression. And the great variety of musical styles, when they were handled in a live way, served mainly to give personal color to a series of emotional attitudes common to most composers. These attitudes are far from dead today. For instance, there was an emphasis on speed and concentration. Chords, motives, short phrases, even individual tones — in fact all the atoms of musical discourse were endowed with heightened meaning and intensity. Hence compositions had to be short, for the sum of such tensions could easily pile up and result in fatigue in the listener. All the varieties of anger, indignation, terror, fear, dismay, disgust, anguish, and anxiety are still frequently expressed. In last year's scores—for instance, Arnold Schoenberg's "Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte" and Benjamin Britten's opera, "Peter Grimes," such feelings were often the source of inspiration.

Often the emotions cited were expressed obliquely in attitudes of resignation, of irony, or of comic parody. Sadness found its typical expression in the nostalgic contemplation of some state of presumed complete satisfaction which could not be found in the present or future, but only in a past such as that of childhood or of an historical period like that of the American expanding frontier, idealized last year in Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring," or in Lukas Foss's "The Prairie." Our own time has been sung in terms of sombre machine-like vigor, oppressive melancholy, and (to add a bright note) a dynamic, athletic joyfulness. Nobody was able to adopt the grand "epic" tone or to express any feeling that lived in the certainty of present or future satisfaction without running the risk of becoming epigonous. Naturally, this particular tendency has

been quite noticeable among Soviet composers who share the high hopes of their countrymen and who do not put as high a value on artistic originality as we do. Certainly, they have been partially responsible for instigating the new trend.

What is interesting about the whole picture of recent music is that among a welter of different styles, of different esthetic approaches and nationalities, there has been such a close similarity of feeling. Naturally many composers, especially young ones, have felt this as a limitation and have been on the lookout for a new repertory of feelings, but as this cannot be had for the mere asking, but can only come by slow evolution and from experience, a sudden change is unlikely at this time.

Benjamin Britten is one of these younger men, and the trend in a new direction is more noticeable in his short settings of old Christmas texts, "A Ceremony of Carols" (Boosey and Hawkes) for treble voices, than in his full-length opera "Peter Grimes," so successful in London recently. Archaic in a way that has intrigued many English composers, these charming carols are direct, warm, and fresh if not too personal. The opera, on the other hand, deals with a typical contemporary subject, although set in an English fishing village of 1830 and with a plot based on a poem of George Crabbe. It is the story of a fisherman who overworks his boy apprentices and brutalizes them in a way that inevitably recalls the Nazi treatment of drafted slave labor and, like the modern parallel, with catastrophic results. At the outset the court finds the first apprentice's death accidental, although the townsfolk have their suspicions. Grimes, feeling the sting of public disapproval, wants to dispel it by making lots of money, becoming a respected member of the community, and marrying the village schoolmistress. To do this, he plunges into such a fury of work that a similar second disaster occurs and finally Grimes dies in an effort to escape the law. All the other characters and the chorus of townsfolk discuss the pathological implications. Neuroses are hinted at that have been frequently discussed today in connection with Nazi brutalities. The music is as direct as a film score, dissonant, dark in color with few rays of redeeming warmth. The scenes are on a symphonic scale, the soloists sing brief, intense phrases while the main continuity is carried by rather extended choral numbers and by an orchestra busy suggesting church bells, storms, fog-horns, or village dance music which help to supply interest to a rather static plot. The general style is more fused and less eclectic than in most of Britten's music, but it seems to display an overdose of dramatic machinery as if to make up for a rather schematic and cold presentation of the characters.

BERNARD ROGERS'S setting of "The Passion" (Elkan-Vogel) tells the Bible story with the rapidity of a radio script. Employing the full quota of soloists to take the different roles and also a chorus with large orchestra, this cantata plays up the pictorial, the physical, and the dramatic, leaving the spiritual meaning to shine through by implication. Therefore, there are no extended solo, choral, or orchestral numbers and there is none of the usual development of themes. The continuity is obtained by the careful gauging of dramatic accents, by the natural flow of events in the story. It represents a novel and interesting approach to a religious text and to the oratorio form. There are moments of striking power, which must sound very extraordinary in performance because Rogers

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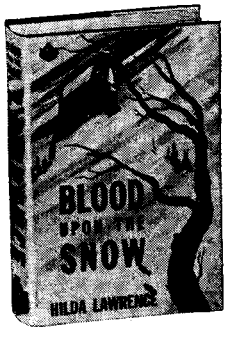
*Had she but known...**

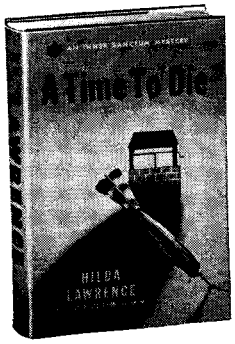
HILDA LAWRENCE is the only novelist we ever heard of who started writing because she didn't have anything to read. One rainy evening Miss Lawrence couldn't find a new whodunit at her rental library. So, in desperation, she began to write one. When her family came home that night everyone smiled indulgently and said, "How nice for Hilda to have a new hobby." So naturally she had to finish it. It was snapped up by the first publisher who saw it (Inner Sanctum Mysteries.) Meyer Berger wrote about it in *The New York Times:*

"*Blood Upon the Snow* is as sinister a mystery as you are apt to find in modern fiction. Miss Lawrence creates horror with a light touch. The mere suggestion of a sinister sound, the barest hint of screaming silence, and the reader's hackles come away from his collar."

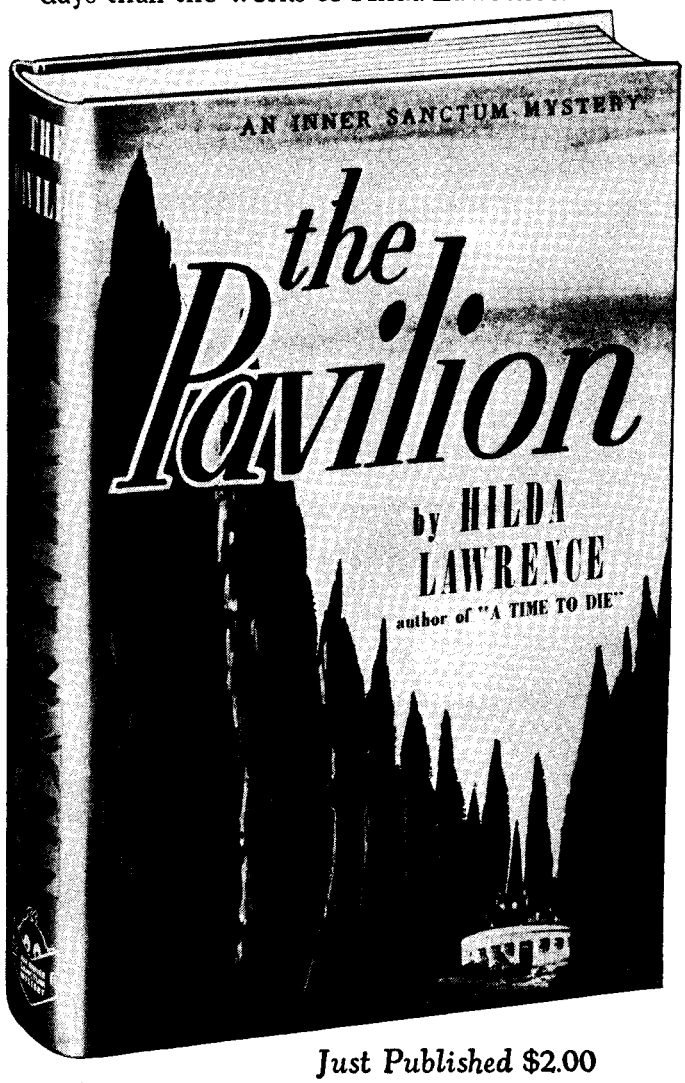


Miss Lawrence decided to go on writing even if she *did* have a book to read.

A Time to Die was her second book. It was a Detective Book Club Selection, and was chosen by Armed Services Editions for distribution to our troops overseas. It received even more enthusiastic comment from the press: The *Chicago Daily News*, for example, called it "a magnificent small town mystery. A story of terror and suspense, with skillfully drawn plot, told with charm and humor."



The publishers, who agree absolutely with all these comments, take pleasure in announcing the third novel by Hilda Lawrence. It is called *The Pavilion.* It is a story of murder and suspense and fourth-generation decadence in a great family. It prompted Dorothy B. Hughes to write: "There's nothing better being published in mysteries these days than the works of Hilda Lawrence."



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**The publishers are happy to say that Miss Lawrence has never used this phrase in any of her mysteries.*

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is one of the most imaginative and skilful orchestrators in this country.

A similar array of singers and instruments join in Lukas Foss's cantata "The Prairie," using portions of Carl Sandburg's poem as text. Relying rather heavily on Copland for its material, this work seems to have furnished Foss with an impetus to free himself from his earlier adherence to Hindemith. There is a current of sensitive, rather elegant, intimate lyricism that gives the work distinction, but which is not always too well suited to the text. For the masculine power, the homely eloquence, and the largeness of vision of the poet seem to have eluded the composer, and as a result the music does not rise to enough intensity to justify its considerable length, and the main intent of the poem seems evaded. However, as far as it goes, "The Prairie" reveals a composer of great promise with a finely developed imagination and technique.

An even wider discrepancy between text and music is all too evident in Arnold Schoenberg's setting of Byron's "Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte." On the purely acoustic level this combination of spoken recitation, with voice inflections and rhythms rigidly indicated in the score, and elaborate string and piano, is very difficult to follow. A tricky problem at best, that has rarely if ever been solved successfully, "melodrama" in order to be clearly intelligible needs a subdued musical background, but Schoenberg has written a most complex and agitated score that tends to cancel out the meaning of the words. Aside from this, the expansive bombast of Byron is quite ill-suited to the fragmentary, concentrated, and explosive expression of Schoenberg. And even though the composer is a little more relaxed than usual, the unity of spoken words and music could only be grasped by the utmost concentration. Certainly the weakness of the text would hardly spur any listener to make this effort. Here and there where the music steals the show, a glimpse can be had of the force and power of the composer's antifascist sentiments which this composition was designed to express. They are revealed in a magnificently turbulent eloquence, only to be spoiled a moment later by Byron's rhetoric.

AMONG other vocal works of the year are Burrill Phillips's three effective and personal "Declaratives" (Elkan Vogel) for women's voices, also some songs; Marcelle de Manziarly's skilled and witty "Three Fables of La Fontaine" (Associated Music Publishers); Paul Bowles's tender moods of reticent sentimentality, "David" and "In the Woods" (Associated), and Elliott Carter's setting of Hart Crane's third "Voyage" (Valley Music Press).

The annual publications of Copland, Piston, Stravinsky, and Hindemith add important new works to an already noteworthy list. Stravinsky's sonata for two pianos (Associated) is an important example of his most recent lyrical preoccupation. It rarely uses the vigorous and brilliant effects that many have associated with this composer, but is quiet, chaste, and tender throughout, and has an unusual, solemn grace and beauty. His orchestral "Scènes de Ballet" (Associated, miniature score) is more a recapitulation of earlier works and concludes, like many of them, with an apotheosis in that vein of noble melancholy that is one of the composer's most memorable moods.

The original material in Paul Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphoses of Themes by Carl Maria von Weber" (Associated, miniature score) has been so reworked that this amounts to an original piece. In it Hindemith has a chance to be humorous and fanciful, which is one of his most attractive sides.

The integrated point of view that permeates the mood and style of Aaron Copland's orchestral suite from "Appalachian Spring" (Boosey and Hawkes), his ballet for Martha Graham, is a distillation of what is most touching in his works that delineate an idealized American scene. There is a keen awareness in the choice of folk-material and in their handling that transforms everything into the Coplandesque. Quite in keeping with the pastoral simplicity of this work, Copland has developed a method of restraining the animation of the fast sections that is quite original. In his two-piano "Danson Cubano" (Boosey and Hawkes), this subdued animation seems a little unmotivated and weakens a work that otherwise has an extremely charming rhythmic structure.

Walter Piston in his Symphony No. 1 (G. Schirmer, miniature score), written in 1937, seems to be taking a deep breath before a plunge in a new direction. For the subsequent compositions leading up to his second symphony, reviewed last year, are successive steps toward simplification and clarity. The earlier symphony, just now published, is a triumph of skilled handling of complex ideas and textures. It is a restrained and ordered flowering of the "modern" style with all its moods and many of its manners. Piston's particular contribution to this is his ability to organize it in an imaginative way and to satisfy all the musical expectancies aroused by his material. It is as if he were trying to resolve the frustrations inherent in the style by divining an appropriate logic for it.

THE contrast between this symphony and any of the Soviet productions brought out by Leeds music in miniature score this year is striking. There is a careless ease about them, a discursiveness, a clarity of texture, a simplified use of the orchestra, and a directness that shuns neither the obvious nor the academic. The last comment is particularly true of Kabalevsky's second symphony, despite its very musical feeling, and also of Miaskovsky's twenty-first and twenty-second. By now this composer is such an old hand at symphonic writing that he can be convincing and exuberant with almost any kind of an idea, mediocre or original. The imaginative qualities of Shostakovich, represented in the scores of his fifth, sixth, and seventh are much more evident by comparison with those of other Russians than they are when considered in a larger context. As almost everyone will agree by now, he reveals an undeniable wealth of musical talent which he spends in producing striking dramatic effects. Khrennikov's first symphony is an engagingly fresh work with a good deal more sense of style than any of the other relatively unknown ones. Still, Prokofieff, whose two "Suites from Romeo and Juliet" and "Alexander Nevsky" have also appeared in miniature scores, has the most marked personality and the highest grade of musical imagination of any of the Russians we are familiar with here. With so many Russian symphonies printed here, it would be good to be able to complete the picture by an examination of those excellent ones by Stravinsky, Hindemith, and Milhaud, but so far they are not published.

Of shorter orchestral music by Americans, Samuel Barber's "Capricorn Concerto" (G. Schirmer, full-

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score) is the most elegant. Its small orchestra is put through neo-classic paces with a coherence and fantasy that are most compelling. David Diamond's brilliant and gay "Rounds" (Elkan-Vogel, full score) is the most original, largely because of a highly personal sense of continuity that remains logical through all sorts of imaginative and inventive inflections, sudden hushes and outbursts and off-accents. A prize-winner in the contest given by Independent Music Publishers, Elliott Carter's "Holiday Overture" (Arrow Music Press) was also published.

The most delightful and concise among chamber works is the Brazilian Camargo Guarnieri's piano sonatina No. 3 (Associated), written consistently in the high register notated in the treble clef, a thing which never hampers its bright and happy course that dispenses with the graver tones. Derived from Brazilian folk and popular melodies, its themes are treated in a fluent and pleasant neo-classic way. With as much skill and with the same sort of objective expression, Ross Lee Finney's very musical piano sonata No. 3 (Valley Music Press) uses a wealth of pianistic resources with a very strong sense of movement. Jacques de Menasce's piano pieces, "Perpetuum Mobile" (Elkan Vogel) and his sonatina No. 2 (Mercury Music), are sensitive, neatly thought out, and have a sophistication of feeling that once was quite usual but is growing more and more infrequent. Shostakovich's second sonata for piano (Leeds) is great fun to play over partly because it is so easy to read. The simple rhythms, the easily fingered figures, and the slightly grotesque grace of his melodies sound a lot like his symphonies.

Among concerted pieces, a series of five out of six of the late Béla Bartók's string quartets (Boosey and Hawkes) provide some of the most important and beautiful examples of contemporary music. Of old music, there is an unusually fine sonata No. 6 (Josef Marx) from Vivaldi's "Il Pastor Fido" for oboe, flute or violin, and continuo. Other new music of interest is Hunter Johnson's lovely "Serenade" for flute and clarinet (Valley Music Press), Lukas Foss's "Dedication" and "Early Song" for violin and piano (Hargail Music Press), Elliott Carter's "Pastoral" for piano and either English horn, viola, or clarinet (New Music Quarterly), and his canonic "Suite" for four alto saxophones (Broadcast Music).

Elliott Carter is a musical critic and composer whose first symphony was a feature of the American Festival at Rochester in 1944.

Eccentricities of the Great

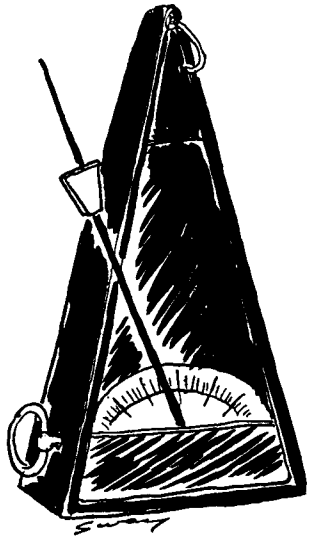
MEN AND WOMEN WHO MAKE MUSIC. By David Ewen. New York: The Readers Press. 1945. 244 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

REVIEWER'S NOTE: *The contents of this book are so admirably even in character and scope that instead of reviewing it the editors wish to let the author speak for himself. One of the guest editors arranged the contents under specific headings, which will facilitate the reader's orientation and will provide him with a comprehensive picture of the infinitely complicated mental-spiritual life of these prominent musicians so faithfully rendered by the author.*

Preface. "It has often been said that the musical interpreter is the connecting link between great music and the audience. . . . This book portrays twenty-six great interpreters of music who enrich immeasurably the life of music lovers in this country. . . . The treatment in this book is similar to that adopted in a few of my other works. . . . Critical appraisal, however, is not sacrificed."

Abnormal psychology. "When [Heifetz] was only eight months old his face would shine when his father played a beautiful melody on the violin; but when a dissonance was sounded, the infant's face would reflect actual pain."— "He was not a year old . . . when Yehudi was taken to concerts, and always he seemed to listen with breathless attention."— "[Pinza] tells us today that, at one time, immediately after a six-day bicycle race, he was in a shower when suddenly he burst into song. . . . This was the first time that Pinza thought seriously of music."



Hygiene. "Once a day [Lily Pons] drinks *tisane* — verbena, essence of lemon, mint, sage, all prepared in an earthenware pot; she follows the drink with a hot bath and a cold shower in rapid succession. A daily nap of about an hour is another essential in her health program. She is also meticulous about her diet. She eats sparingly . . . drinks a glass of water every half-hour."

Gastronomy. "After a sparing breakfast—nothing more than grapefruit juice—Flagstad spent the rest of the morning in complete relaxation. . . . She enjoyed a cocktail before lunch, preferably a dry Martini."—"A meal for Melchior is a prodigious feast including appetizer, soup, beefsteak, potatoes, vegetables, salad, dessert, coffee, a quart of burgundy, and a big Havana cigar."

Culture. "What [Milstein] does, he does with gusto, whether it is eating Viennese pastry, buying a new set of brilliant silk pajamas, indulging in his favorite hobby of painting water colors or participating in games of bridge and ping-pong."—"[Piatigorsky] reads voraciously, is passionately interested in politics, is a student of philosophy and a dabbler in the sciences. Beyond the pleasures of the mind his preferences include American cigarettes . . . and indulging in practical jokes."

Instances of exceptional virtue. "When young [Menuhin] never grumbled at having usually to be in bed well before midnight."—"Gambling, or the imbibing of liquor in great quantities, bored [Flagstad]. If it was the evening of the opera, she rewarded herself with a half-bottle of champagne."

Patriotism. "It cannot be said that [Melchior's] first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House was a historic triumph—it took place on the same day as the blatantly publicized début of an American soprano."

Sex appeal. "[Melchior] is Siegfried to the life, a heroic figure standing six feet three in his stocking feet, two hundred and fifty pounds of muscle and sinew. The size of his collar is eighteen, and his shoes are size twelve."—"Lily Pons . . . actually fulfills Hollywood specifications. She is slight of build, weighing about 104 pounds and standing five feet two."

Slightly controversial. "His two cars bear unique license-plates: the 'number' of one is HEI; of the other, FETZ. These are honorary plates such as are given to first-class drivers."—

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Paul Henry Lang, guest co-editor with Douglas Moore of this issue of the SRL, is the author of "Music in Western Civilization."

Magic Carpet to Vienna

LEGEND OF A MUSICAL CITY. By Max Graf. New York: Philosophical Library. 1945. 302 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CHALMERS CLIFTON

IT is a pleasure to recommend this warm and affectionate book about Vienna by Max Graf. It was not written for scholars, who might lift their eyebrows at Dr. Graf's uncritical enthusiasms, at the same time finding a mass of useful and interesting information to hand. There may be, for the sophisticated, too much of the sentimental *sterbende Maerchenstadt* formula. This reviewer, however, sent the book to a few friends, hoping that by an "Operation Magic Carpet" in reverse, they might find transportation in fancy if not fact to a city in Europe we love only less well than Paris. We hoped that with Dr. Graf's expert guidance, they might quit for a few pleasant hours a world of painful reality for the haunts of the friendly ghosts of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Brahms, not to speak of the genial spirits of a lesser constellation. There is interesting first-hand information about Bruckner, Goldmark, Hugo Wolf, Mahler, and Richard Strauss, with a section on Johann Strauss and popular music. For all its ominous beginning, with the tramp into Vienna of the fanatic legions of Nazidom, the book maintains a lilting and carefree atmosphere, even if Dr. Graf is careful to remind us that Vienna is a city of hard work, pain, and frustration, not just aromatic coffee and *Schlagsahn*, melody, and beautiful women.

In one of the happiest chapters, Dr. Graf acts as an ideal cicerone and takes us for a long walk among the Houses of Music. The promenade commences quite naturally at St. Stephen's Cathedral, and zigzags through narrow streets, old city squares, and the pomp of imperial Vienna. We are reminded that had Schubert been alive in 1938, he would in many districts have found himself almost completely at home. Thus, the old and the new lived side by side in friendly compromise. This compromise makes for much of the charm of the Vienna we knew.

The outline of the musical history of Vienna is somewhat cursory, as it would have to be in some three hundred pages. There are, however, interesting pages of reminiscence, particularly in those sections which have to do with Bruckner, Richard Strauss, and the Opera under Mahler. Dr. Graf was a student of Bruckner, and writes of the great symphonist with understanding and affection. Critically, he eluded the Brahms-Hanslick clique, and opened his mind to protagonists of more liberal ideas, finding a few generous words for Arnold Schoenberg.

Having begun with the grim reminder of Hitler's brutal seizure of a city which he is reputed to have disliked for its easygoing laziness, Dr. Graf permits himself an incursion into the dangerous field of prophecy. There is a thoughtful consideration of Vienna's position as a cultural crossroads, with generous contributions from the musical genius of German, Italian, Hungarian, and Slav. Major Pleasants of the Philadelphia *Enquirer* has written recently of the attempt to revive opera and of the enthusiasm of the population in the painful throes of rebirth. We hope, therefore, that Dr. Graf's optimism for the future is justified. We took off our critical spectacles and enjoyed this book, and hope that a large host of readers will enjoy it as we did.

Chalmers Clifton is conductor, composer, and writer on musical subjects.

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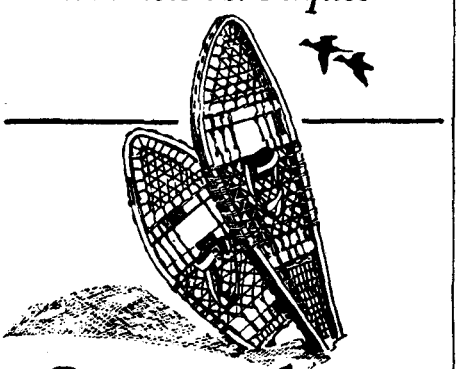

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
MOZART, L'Amero saro constante (Il Re Pastore). Pons, Columbia Opera Orch. Bruno Walter. Mishel Piastro, violin obbl. C 71696-D (1)	Interesting perspective between voice, violin, orchestra, though unnatural.	A	A	A significant cross between usual virtuoso operatic and a serious album recording. Walter guarantees understanding treatment. Pons not best in Mozart, but with Walter does serious job. Aria covers two sides.
VERDI, Pace, pace, mio dio (Forza) Muscagni, Voi lo Sapete (C. Rusticana) Zinka Milanov; Victor Orch. Frieder Weissmann. V 11-8927 (1)	Excellent; solo full, but not too close; orch. always clear.	A	C	Best type of virtuoso operatic record, well done in every respect.
MOUSSORGSKY, Boris Godounoff, excerpts. Ezio Pinza, chorus Met. Opera; orch. cond. by Emil Cooper. CM 563 (5)	Pinza sometimes buried in orch. Chorus good.	A	C	Somewhat lax, but not bad, in spite of Italian words. Would be good buy, but Kipnis version (VM1000) is superior.
BRAHMS, Piano Concerto #2 Serkin, Phila Orch. Ormandy. CM 584 (6)	AA	First-rate piano tone well recorded.	AA	Yes, this beats immortal Horowitz version (V M 740 (6); more melodious, piano tone softer. Hasn't the Horowitz-Toscanini drive, but is better without. Buy it; a great recording.

THE new recording by the great harpsichordist Wanda Landowska of Bach's fabulous "Goldberg variations" gives me an opportunity to get at the intention of the "engineering" section of this guide to records. Back in the early 1930's Landowska made an H.M.V. Society recording of the Goldbergs which sold at a high price and soon became a collector's item. That set has long been considered one of the masterpieces both of musical performance and of the art of recording, in spite of the relatively low fidelity and high surface noise of records from that time.

Last year Landowska re-recorded her interpretation of the variations for Victor, here in this country. The interpretation is approximately the same as the earlier version, and was perhaps even made on the same harpsichord. Victor calls special attention to the fact that this is not a re-issue of the old set, and points out the increased fidelity and realism.

Yet I find the new set vaguely disappointing; and after a good deal of consideration, I conclude that it's not Landowska's fault. The performance is peerless. Landowska isn't slipping yet, as anyone who has heard her will affirm. The trouble is apparently in the engineering.

More specifically, as far as I can judge, in the microphone placement. A year ago I was involved in a series of some twenty harpsichord recitals on FM radio in the course of which it became abundantly clear that a wrongly placed microphone could change the harpsichord tone from a sound of music to one of mere wires and levers and mechanically moving parts. A badly placed mike can give the realism of a magnifying mirror which shows every hideous blemish on a beautiful face.

Listen to the new Landowska "Goldberg Variations." (The set is still decidedly worth owning.) If you find the harpsichord wiry and scratchy toned, reflect that the instrument was designed to be listened to at a minimum distance of perhaps twenty feet. A high fidelity mike placed a yard from the strings would "hear," and record, exactly what you yourself would hear at that spot—not music, but instrumental mechanics.

It is for this reason that I feel an "engineering" section is indispensable in judging today's increasingly realistic records. If only to protect the musician, it is important to suggest which faults and virtues are in the actual performance, and which are entirely independent of the actions of the musician.

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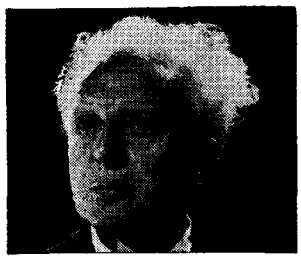
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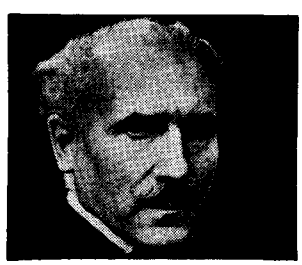
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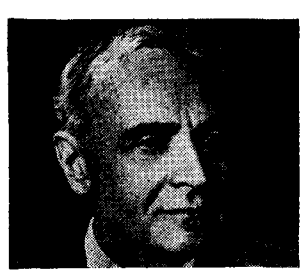
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(*Continued from page* 15)

arranger, and editor. Young composers who are not aware of all the peculiar difficulties in writing for chorus will find the book particularly useful, but all musicians can learn something from it. Many musical illustrations clarify the discussions.

KATZ, ADELE T. "Challenge to Tradition." Knopf. xxviii, 408 pp. $5.

An attempt to apply Heinrich Schenker's theories of tonality, modulation, etc., to the music of such composers as J. S. Bach, C.P.E. Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven. While some theorists may be impressed by the arguments and analyses, most readers will be repelled by the laborious and pedantic style of writing.

MORRIS, R. O. "Introduction to Counterpoint." Oxford, 1944. 56 pp. $1.35.

After many years of experience in teaching counterpoint, Morris has concluded that the eighteenth rather than the sixteenth century is the best starting point for the beginner. This little book, which is not much more than an outline, presents a modification of "species" counterpoint based upon eighteenth century practice. Many musical examples.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

DORING, ERNEST W. "How Many Strads; Our Heritage from the Master." William Lewis & Son. 379 pp. $20.

Doring's account of Stradivari's life follows closely the standard biography published by W. E. Hill & Sons in 1902. On the other hand, he has added much new information about some 500 examples of the great violin maker's work. The book will be of great value as a reference work. Interesting as the book is, the price is a little too high for most book-buyers. 114 illustrations.

GEIRINGER, KARL. "Musical Instruments: Their History in Western Culture from the Stone Age to the Present." Translated by Bernard Miall. Oxford, 1945. xx, 278 pp. $4.

This history of musical instruments was first published in England in 1943. This first American edition is "apart from minor corrections of the text, and changes in the illustrations, identical with the original edition." This is one of the best and most up-to-date books on the subject. (Comparison with Sachs's history of instruments would require a long review.) An introductory chapter on acoustics is a useful feature. Many illustrations; bibliography.

MUSICAL PERFORMANCE

KOCH, CASPAR. "The Organ Student's Gradus ad Parnassum. Book I: The Elements of Interpretation." J. Fischer & Bro. xvi, 80 pp. $2.

This book, based largely upon the writings of seventeenth and eighteenth century theorists, has chapters devoted to tempo, rhythmic conventions, dynamics, ornamentation, registration, etc. It should be very useful as a reference work for organists, particularly in performance of Baroque music. The arrangement of the material, however, limits the value of the book as a practical "teaching method." A second volume is to consist of practice material, with annotations. Many musical examples.

LEHMANN, LOTTE. "More Than Singing: The Interpretation of Songs." Translated by Frances Holden. Boosey & Hawkes. 192 pp. $3.50.

One of the most eminent of living *lieder* singers presents in an exceedingly personal, chatty, and enthusiastic vein her ideas about the interpretation of particular songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wolf, etc. (and a few non-German composers). The reader must know the songs well or have the scores in front of him. All sensitive singers and song-lovers will find the book stimulating, although (as Miss Lehmann would undoubtedly admit) many of her suggestions have no claim to general validity. Musical illustrations.

SACRED MUSIC

GAJARD, DOM JOSEPH. "The Rhythm of Plainsong." Translated by Dom Aldhelm Dean. J. Fischer & Bros. 67 pp. $1.

Based upon a series of talks on Gregorian rhythm, this book gives a remarkably clear presentation of the Solesmes principles. Musical illustrations.

KLARMANN, REV. ANDREW F. "Gregorian Chant: A Textbook for Seminaries, Novitiates and Secondary Schools." Gregorian Institute of America. ix, 148 pp. $2.50.

The writer's treatment of Gregorian Chant is thoroughly practical, not theoretical, with special attention to the modes, psalmody, Latin pronunciation, and legislation concerning church music. Many musical examples (in Gregorian notation).

FOLK MUSIC

BAYARD, SAMUEL PRESTON. "Hill Country Tunes: Instrumental Folk Music of Southwestern Pennsylvania." American Folklore Society, 1944. xxvi, 8, (122) pp. $3.

The author believes this is to be "the first collection devoted exclusively to American instrumental folk tunes

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which has been edited with special attention to the provenience and history of the music and accompanied by some attempt at a general description of the players' methods and the processes of instrumental folk music tradition." The book contains nearly one hundred fiddling tunes, each with copious annotations. Bayard took the tunes down by ear, without making phonographic recordings. Bibliography.

SONG COLLECTIONS

SPAETH, SIGMUND. "Read 'Em and Weep: A Treasury of American Songs." New and revised edition. Arco Publishing Co. viii, 248, (16) pp. $3.

In this new edition the compiler, as he acknowledges in the preface, does not attempt to correct various invalid opinions and statements of 1926. Richard Rodgers has provided a new foreword and Spaeth has added one chapter. The last sixteen pages form "an album of elegant art, including delightfully decorated covers of some sentimental songs of cherished fame."

OTHER MATTERS

BENSON, BARBARA ELNA. "Music and Sound Systems in Industry." McGraw-Hill. xii, 124 pp. $1.50.

The book is based upon the author's experiences as program director at RCA Victor, one of the first industries to use music for employees during working hours. The field of industrial music is still not entirely clarified scientifically. Practical workers in this field will find Miss Benson's monograph of some value. List of records for industrial use.

COTT, TED. "The Victor Book of Musical Fun." Simon & Schuster. vi, 170 pp. $1.50.

According to the subtitle, "a brand-new collection of musical quiz games, anecdotes, and cartoons." Fun for a winter evening, even though much of the material is not brand-new.

HUGHBANKS, LEROY. "Talking Wax: Or the Story of the Phonograph." Hobson Book Press. x, 142 pp. $2.50.

A not entirely successful history of the phonograph. The literary style is inferior, some errors of fact have crept in, and references to technical matters are often too brief. Reproduced from typescript.

JOHNSON, HARRIETT. "Your Career in Music." Dutton. 319 pp. $3.

A survey of the various fields of musical activity, from an economic rather than artistic point of view. Advice to young musicians planning to become concert artists, teachers, conductors, orchestral players, composers, or writers about music. Generally sound, although constant reference to front-page names may tend to make the picture a little too rosy to an uncritical reader. The book was written in collaboration with Vocational Guidance Research, of which Evelyn Steele is director.

PODOLSKY, EDWARD. "Music for Your Health." Bernard Ackermann. 134 pp. $2.

A popular book on musical therapy, with generalizations often extending far beyond scientific fact.

Charles Warren Fox is musicologist at the Eastman School of Music.

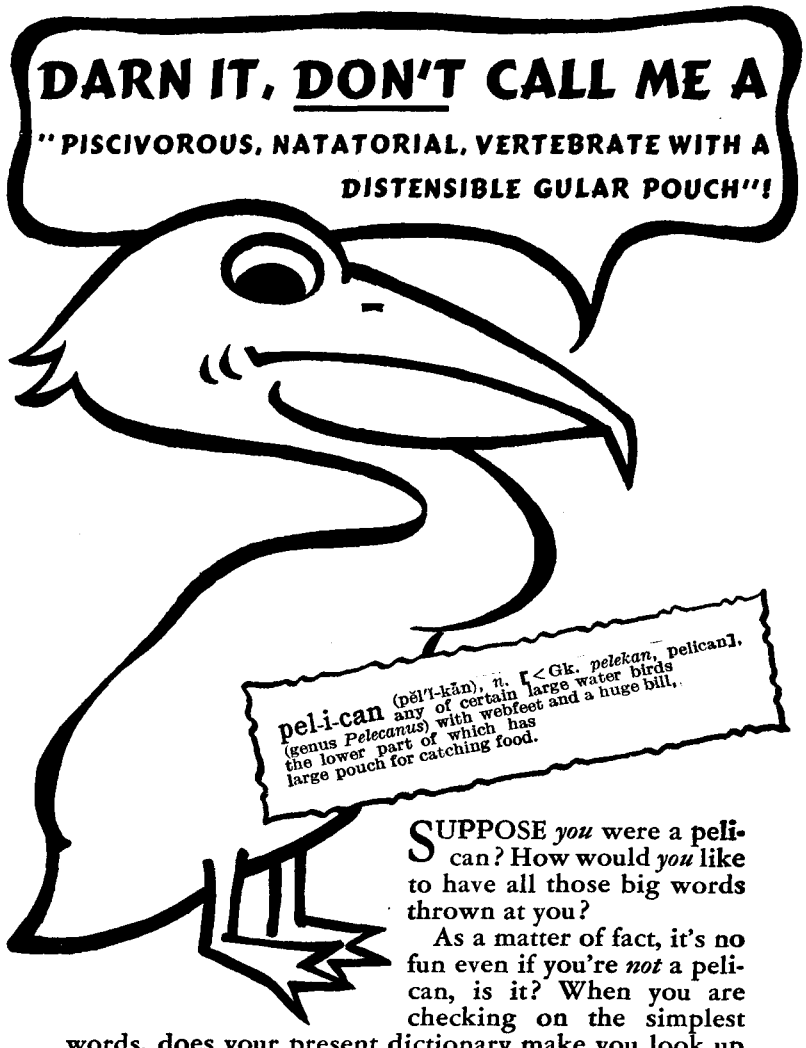
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 617)

[OGDEN] NASH: *I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS SO LATE*

And there is nothing more surly
Than a watchless man who doesn't
know whether he is late or early.

. . . . . .

Yes, it's obvious that women don't
like them or need them,
Because with women's watches
you need a microscope and a map
to read them.


DARN IT, DON'T CALL ME A
"PISCIVOROUS, NATATORIAL, VERTEBRATE WITH A DISTENSIBLE GULAR POUCH"!
pel-i-can (pĕl'ĭ-kăn), n. [<Gk. pelekan, pelican], any of certain large water birds (genus Pelecanus) with webfeet and a huge bill, the lower part of which has large pouch for catching food.

SUPPOSE *you* were a pelican? How would *you* like to have all those big words thrown at you?

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LONGMANS, GREEN

Schenker and Tonality

CHALLENGE TO MUSICAL TRADITION. By Adele T. Katz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 408 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by NATHAN BRODER

IN the ten years that have elapsed since Heinrich Schenker died in Vienna, his revolutionary ideas about musical analysis have been disseminated in America by a small group of his disciples teaching in various parts of the country. While a few articles about his theories have been published in American periodicals (some of them while Schenker was still alive), this is the first book in English that attempts a comprehensive description of his method. Miss Katz's approach is mainly historical. After devoting a chapter to sketching some of the principal points in Schenker's concept of tonality, she goes on to demonstrate, in chapters dealing with J. S. Bach, C. P. E. Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven, how tonality was firmly established by the older Bach and developed by his successors, to reach a peak in Beethoven. The final chapters, given over to the works of Wagner, Debussy, Stravinsky, and Schoenberg, show how tonality, as a basis for structural coherence, was progressively weakened and finally overthrown.

While other systems of harmonic analysis merely label chords, Schenker seeks to define the function of each harmony as an integral part of the organism that is a musical masterwork. As Miss Katz points out, "to state that a work is in this or that scale and that the composer has used chords of the eleventh and thirteenth, altered chords, polyharmonies, and impressionistic or expressionistic effects does not constitute an analysis of the music any more than describing a word as a noun, verb, adjective, or adverb explains the meaning of the sentence in which it appears. . . . In a similar manner, it is not enough to know the musical terms that define a scale or the structure of a chord. We also must understand the function of a chord and the purpose for which the scale is used if we want to grasp the musical meaning of the passage."

The author is apparently thoroughly conversant with the often difficult and complicated method of analysis evolved by Schenker, a method explained in writings published over a period of years but never clearly and completely codified by him. Here for the first time in print, to the reviewer's knowledge, the method is applied to works of contemporary composers, with interesting results. Miss Katz has carefully avoided any trace of the childish and chauvinistic polemics that mar much of Schenker's

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SHORT STORY ENDINGS

Here are the closing lines of ten more well-known short stories. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for each title you can recall, and another 5 for the author's name, a score of 50 is par, 60 is very good, and 70 or better is excellent. Answers on page 52.

1. "A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth."
2. A jet of blood had spattered the white paper on the table, and made a great red stain above these four words:—"This is my will."
3. The strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.
4. Romance at short notice was her specialty.
5. "Draw your chair up and hand me my violin, for the only problem we still have to solve is how to while away these bleak autumnal evenings."
6. In the beginning, when there were sounds in the walled closet, and Josephine implored his pity for the dying stranger, he replied: "You have sworn on the cross that there is no one in there."
7. Now, why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!
8. He was uncertain what business he would take up, but said very emphatically it would be nothing in any way connected with house moving, or with tractors or any kind of machinery.
9. "But why," the Inspector asked, "did he cut down the trees?" "Solely," said Linley, "in order to get an appetite."
10. It is after eleven now. I shall be gone in less than an hour. But the heat is stifling. It is enough to send a man mad.

WHO SAID, "I SEEM TO LEAVE A TRAIL OF BROKEN PIANOS BEHIND ME"?

See page 51 of this issue

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own work. In her treatment of other systems of analysis she remains detached and fair.

She relies rather heavily, however, on the "great man" approach to musical history, with the result that developments that arose from the efforts of many small figures are sometimes attributed to a single great contemporary or successor. We read, for example, that the fact that C. P. E. Bach "departed from the contrapuntal emphasis of the preceding age and achieved a lighter and more graceful style" is one of his "two important contributions to the development of music" and "he changed the emphasis in style from the horizontal to the vertical." Thus Philipp Emanuel is made solely responsible for a movement to which he was in fact but one of many contributors, a movement that swept through most of Western Europe about the middle of the eighteenth century. Similarly, we are

told that "the various techniques of diminution, augmentation, inversion, and stretto, which [J. S.] Bach introduced into so many of his fugues" were "technical innovations"—a statement that appears to ignore the achievements of great contra-puntists from the fifteenth century through Buxtehude. It is true that generalizations of the sort quoted are sometimes modified elsewhere, but the damage has been done. There are other statements that are questionable on historical grounds. There are also a few places where the logic is faulty. We are told, for example, that "it was Haydn, with only the sonatas of Philipp Emanuel Bach as prototypes, who established the full-fledged form of the classical sonata" (p. 99)—*i.e.*, established the norm—but later we read that in the development section "Haydn's departures from the norm are most clearly revealed" (p. 104).

One wonders whether the author was well advised in trying to achieve a double goal—a description of the Schenker method and a historical account of the fortunes of tonality. To readers who are unfamiliar with Schenker's ideas, Miss Katz's incomplete presentation is likely to seem unconvincing; and her main thesis—that tonality has ceased to govern musical structure—will hardly strike any musician as new. In the reviewer's opinion, Schenker's cause would have been better served if Miss Katz had devoted her entire book to a thoroughgoing exposition of his whole system, which, despite certain glaring and fundamental weaknesses, offers much of value as a fruitful way of analyzing Western European music from Bach to Brahms.

As it is, she has expended a great deal of effort merely to prove to the unbiased observer that the Schenker method is inadequate to deal with most of the music written since Brahms, just as Felix Salzer's "Sinn und Wesen der Abendlaendischen Mehrstimmigkeit" had the effect of proving that the method is inadequate to deal with the music of the sixteenth and earlier centuries.

The musical examples are clear and contain very few errors; not so, however, the text, which reveals, besides the apparently inevitable quota of typographical errors, occasional infelicities of style and even mistakes in grammar. And this reader would have traded the full but unwieldy table of contents for an index.

Nathan Broder is associate editor of The Musical Quarterly.

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WHAT MUSIC PUBLISHER REJECTED "THE RHAPSODY IN BLUE"?

See page 51 of this issue

REUNION WITH BROADWAY

(*Continued from page 8*)

turned and ran out of the ward screaming "Yogi! Yogi!"

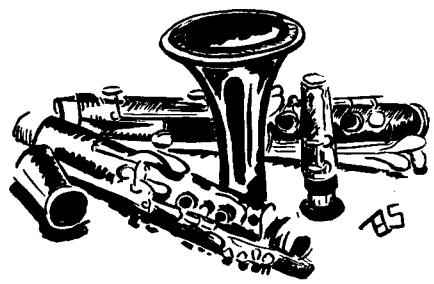
A few wards away another unit was performing for wounded Polish troops. The comedians improvised a pantomime routine to do away with the language barrier. The act was so good that later one of the boys cracked: "We're good for at least a week in Warsaw."

"Sally," the Nazi radio propagandist, sent the boys of TITA a message. "Within three days expect a little surprise from me to you." We laughed. We were a success. At last we had become a military objective. Two days after this broadcast a time bomb was found under the stage. While the engineers were neutralizing the bomb, we gingerly moved the musical instruments out of the pit to a nearby park and played the show there without any other equipment.

Nor did the recurrence of air raids stop the show. As soon as the lights would go out, the G.I.'s in the audience would throw the beams of their flashlights on the stage and scream for the show to continue. Several times the raid started at the beginning of the show, and the whole performance would be lit up only by these wavering beams.

The big attack on Rome started. For days we saw the big guns, tanks, and men being added to our lines. The lid blew off on a Thursday night. The ground shook continuously from the heavy artillery fire, the sky was a flaming gold. In our tents we visualized what the guys were going through. The next day we saw them in the wards. I remember coming out of one ward, my throat tight, finding it difficult to breathe, let alone talk. Half of the boys in the unit were performing with tears in their eyes. We never spoke to each other of what we did and saw that day.

Rome was taken! Five days later we were performing in the opera house. We played there for a week and a half. For our last performance, it was decided by the Allied Military Government that we invite civilians. I immediately became concerned about the National Anthem problem. Upon consulting Mr. Berlin, he suggested that I speak to Count S—, who was on the civilian committee. The Count's decision was the "Marcia Reale," the royalist national anthem. Fearing a demonstration by the republican element, I felt that the "Garibaldi March" would be more suitable. Mr. Berlin took the problem to



Colonel Poletti, former Governor of New York and head of AMG in Rome, who favored the "Garibaldi March." That night, each anthem, American, British, and French, received a hearty round of applause. When we finished the "Garibaldi March" there was a tremendous roar of approval. It reminded me of a grand-stand cheer during a football game. Afterwards when I saw the Count he glowered at me redfaced.

OUR next stops in Italy were Foggia and Bari, where the Air Corps units were stationed. While playing Bari, we received our next orders: "TITA Detachment proceed to Cairo, Egypt." We played Cairo for one week, added another anthem to our repertoire (Egyptian), then left for Persia (Iran). We named Persia the "hump," our halfway mark around the world. It was here that the morale of the G.I.'s in the cast of TITA took a big drop. We had been doing this show now for two years, same music, same routine, day in and day out. Even our variety shows and hospital units had taken on their own sameness of routine. A dull ache seemed to envelop the whole company. The heat in Persia was unbearable. One looked at the thermometer, read 150 degrees, shook his head and thought he was going mad. Work was impossible between 11 A.M. and 6 P.M. Hospital units would go out in the morning and rush back to the mud huts before the heat would reach its peak. All afternoon we lay prostrate waiting for the sun to go down—and then we would do the two evening shows. Our audiences, besides the American G.I.'s, now consisted of English, French, Russians, Persians, and Arabs. The programs were done up in four different languages. Also at that time a notice went up on the bulletin board: "Curtain time 6:30, national anthem time 6:20." The tour extended through all of Persia from Khorramshahr to Teheran. After a performance in Teheran, a Russian general came into the pit looking for Johnny Mince,

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our clarinetist. Seemed that Johnny was a big thing in Russian jazz circles. No one could talk to him for days.

New orders: "TITA proceed to Pacific Area." A long and arduous trip to Australia, a change of ship, and then—New Guinea. As soon as we entered this combat area, a new enthusiasm went through the company. We were once more in the thick of it.

The morning after we landed in New Guinea, we were all given several shots in both arms. After one look at the jungle, these shots were more than welcome. That same night we planned a show, not anticipating the fever reaction that was to break out. We were not on a half hour when my knees began to buckle and my arms to feel like dead weights. The men in the orchestra had flushed faces and glassy eyes. They blew hard but nothing much came out. The smart clicks of the tap dances disappeared into a soft shoe routine. The chorus went horribly flat, and the comedians broke into an unprecedented amount of double talk. The next day's shows were cancelled.

Our main concern for the tour in the Pacific was transportation. The invasion of the Philippines was coming and there weren't any ships to spare. However, we did find an old Dutch inter-island ship which was assigned to us. In civilian days, its capacity was twenty-five passengers. We dropped all of our heavy scenery and loaded on to the ship with two curtains, a few props, a minimum of costumes, two electric generators, and the musical instruments. Humidity was another problem. Stringed instruments would last three days and then have to be repaired. Wind instruments had to be covered with vaseline to keep from rusting. Costumes fell apart. Tackling these new and ever-present problems as they came up, we played a few experimental shows in Milne Bay, and then started our trek through the islands—Milne Bay, Oro Bay, the Admiralty Islands, Lae, Finschafen, Hollandia, playing for Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Corps. Rain almost every night. Our ship would pull in off the island, and with the aid of "ducks" we would unload personnel and equipment. After three months in British and Dutch New Guinea our organization had become a well-oiled machine. Without this organizational dexterity we could not have attempted to cover the detailed tour of the islands that was mapped out for us. All we needed when we reached an area was a place to sleep and transportation, and to be shown where the stage was located. We were well prepared for our next hop—which was to the Philippines. This was our schedule:

Leyte—10 days, 36 shows, 77,000 G.I.'s entertained. *Samar*—3 days, 5 shows, 29,000 G.I.'s entertained. *Luzon*—2 months inland, 83 shows (all one or two day stands), 172,500 G.I.'s entertained.

Upon finishing the Philippines, we were sent to the Netherland East Indies, the Halmaheras, and the Schouten Islands, then back to Hollandia on New Guinea. At this stop I fell ill and was sent to a hospital, and subsequently home. I turned over the musical director's job to Bill Jones, our arranger. The outfit moved on to the Marianas Islands, Caroline Islands, Saipan, Okinawa, Pearl Harbor, and closed with the final show of its career in Honolulu.

Irving Berlin's "This Is the Army" opened on Broadway on July 4, 1942, and closed in Honolulu on October 22, 1945. It earned $10,000,000 for Army Emergency Relief and $350,000 for British War Charities. It played every theatre of operation, and the audience attendance totaled 2,500,000.

WHY DID GROUCHO MARX CONDUCT THE LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—BUT LOUD?

See page 51 of this issue

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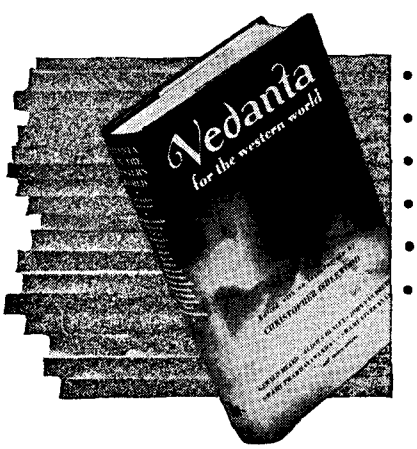

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WHEN WAS AN AUDIENCE LOCKED IN TO HEAR A CONCERT?

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REFUGEE MUSICIANS IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 9

we are in a process of flux, our musical culture has not yet crystallized.

Fundamentally what is lacking is an orderly all around career for our young musicians, one in which they can develop normally and find a niche in some way commensurable with their abilities. In Europe this was supplied in great measure by the opera house, which gave employment to large numbers of solo singers, choral singers, orchestral musicians, coaches, conductors, producers, composers—all possible kinds of musicians. There were hundreds of opera houses in Europe, most of them open eight to ten months in the year. The impact of the mass production of music, gramophone, radio, television, on this self-reliant, widely diffused "live" music might have caused it to spread further. With us who do not have this healthy basis and are therefore skipping what is perhaps the truly formative stage, the mass production phase is in danger of spreading something thin into something still thinner.

The refugee musician from Europe was bewildered when he found that apart from orchestras and the very limited field of music and private teaching, there were few normal careers available for him. He was expected to hit the jack-pot by giving a Town Hall concert and become famous overnight, or to vanish into obscurity. When Europeans think of America, they of course think of its vast resources, its vast opportunities. If the European musician is not only able but realistic and sensible as well, he may think: "I am not a star, I cannot startle the jaded ears of New Yorkers who hear so much and so critically that sometimes they perhaps do not hear at all. But surely in the Middlewest, in the South, the Southwest, the Far West, there must be an infinite number of places where I can function to the benefit of the local people and of myself." It was difficult to bring these musicians down from the geographical sweep of their dreams to the actual musical situation. We had to try to explain to them the unparalleled and destructive centralization of our music life in a few (one would almost be justified in saying one) cities. There was only one constructive piece of advice to give them—try the colleges.

It would lead too far afield to relate here in any detail the role that the American colleges play in our musical culture. Suffice it to say that this century has seen there the rise of an intensive musical activity from a rather low level to the comparatively high one of the present time. In many college music departments there is still a provincialism inherited from the past or reflected from the general surrounding culture; but by and large the situation throughout the country is encouragingly good with the curve heading definitely upwards. Whether the college is the ideal center of musical activity, whether it can in any sense ever take the place of the European opera house, are perhaps futile questions. For good or ill the colleges in the United States are becoming the center of progressive and solid musical activity as well as education. They are increasingly the refuge from the commercial and artistic gangsterism which seems to pervade the radio and concert world. In the colleges a musician can find a measure of economic security (often enough, to be sure, on a shamefully low level) and sufficient leisure to compose or play over and above the primary teaching activity.

There is an innate conservatism about colleges that made some of us apprehensive as to their receptiveness to refugees. It soon was demonstrated that alert heads of music departments and college presidents were well aware of the opportunity presented to them by the presence in this country of many excellent musicians from Europe. Here were all-around musicians, eager and able to serve, the product of an intensely practical, even professional, musical civilization, with a wide background of actual experience. This was just the leavening which many of our colleges needed to broaden their music departments, to put them closer to contemporary musical trends, and to remove the danger of a sterile, cloistered and academic existence. The presence of great and famous musical figures in this country is of course to our honor and great profit. Shoenberg, Stravinksy, the late Bartók, Hindemith, Schnabel, Walter, Serkin, and a host of other thoroughly distinguished refugee musicians have all been making a permanent contribution to the present and future of our

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musical life. We are able to appreciate and digest them now far better than in the old days when we passively received and imitated. But their activity differs only in quantity and intensity from our past contacts with Europe. It is perhaps the pioneer refugees, the spadeworkers, so to speak, now scattered throughout the United States colleges who are making the more novel and fundamental contribution.

In a music starved portion of our distant hinterland a pair of refugee musicians, say a pianist and a violinist, are engaged by a wise music department head to teach their respective instruments, perhaps also in one case to conduct the small choir and in the other to give supplementary organ instruction and play in the chapel. They do their work well; but their energy, perhaps their curiosity, leads them to request to be able to travel to various nearby and later even distant communities to give performances of real "concert" music. Most of the communities have rarely or never had this opportunity—and now it is not some denizens of another world who come with trumped-up managerial glamor interposed between them and the public. This time it is two very competent, hard-working members of their own state university who play for their fellow citizens and who, to everyone's delight, will return in the near future for renewed contacts.

In Indiana, in Vermont, New Mexico, throughout the United States, you may find this sort of musical activity making headway. We can by no means afford to be smug as to its diffusion—only the merest beginning has been made so far. But through the Fascist persecutions in Europe we have musicians from the most cosmopolitan European centers, who have conducted in Prague or Vienna or Brussels, who have been part of an extremely sophisticated musical culture, now suddenly transplanted to the middle of the United States. They mix with the townspeople as well as with their fellow teachers and students. They become an integral part of their small community. Under favorable circumstances they are given choirs, small orchestras, chamber music groups to lead, and are able to apply a professional standard of performance in place of what had formerly been a purely academic one, to produce results which are an enormous stimulus to students and general public alike.

In this way as coral islands are built up, to use a well-worn simile, we see hope for a gradual but very beneficial fertilization of our musical life in those localities removed from the centers of our big music monopolies; and we have an indication even as to the type of American musician we should produce for the future. It is true that America was not ripe for a sudden musical renaissance through this immediate contact with the more intensive and in that sense higher musical culture of Europe. Mainly due to the above mentioned lack of any widespread opera which could absorb the highly trained refugee musicians, we were not able to assimilate them into the core of our musical activity. This does represent a partial defeat for them and for us. On the other hand only partly because of this negative fact and far more essentially because of the inherent vitality of our own musical culture we were never in the slightest danger of being influenced to deviate from our true course of development, or of being Europeanized in the reactionary sense of our past experience as our pessimists had feared.

The refugee musician is now a part of us. He does not deny or disguise his own musical culture. He now knows that he and we speak the same universal language.

Mark Brunswick is chairman of the National Committee for Refugee Musicians and president of the American Section of the International Society for Contemporary Music.

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A Scholar on Mozart

MOZART, HIS CHARACTER, HIS WORKS. By Alfred Einstein. Translated by Arthur Mendel and Nathan Broder. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 492 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by G. S. DICKINSON

PROFESSOR Einstein's book on Mozart is the result of an extraordinarily intimate and minute acquaintance with the composer, his times, and his music. It is the product both of scientific specialization in the whole context of Mozart and of affectionate but discriminating devotion to the composer as an artist. Its contribution to Mozart scholarship is a cardinal one.

That this is a book conceived and executed, in considerable measure, in musicological terms—and, one may say, German musicological terms—is evident at a glance. Yet there is plenty of material to attract any reader interested in the music and musical manners of the eighteenth century and in the phenomenon of musical genius. For the book is marked by substantial breadth as well as by particularization, and there is no lack of illuminating and appreciative observation, of value to anyone who wishes to understand Mozart's music. The general reader will proceed with a little deliberation, however, since the book is a vast store of detail, some of which, in its methodical and documented form, is more especially the concern of the student and scholar.

The parts of the book specifically devoted to the works of Mozart strike this reviewer as somewhat repetitious in manner. This is presumably inherent in the method adopted of tracing each musical species separately, from Mozart's early to his final handling of the species. Though not subjected to much individual technical analysis, the works are discussed in some detail from the standpoint of the influences surrounding their composition, and of their relations in the scale of Mozart's maturing style. In the course of these presentations there occur numerous significant observations which reach beyond a local application to the music in hand.

In the discussions of the works there is to be found a conspicuous number of references to the expressive qualities of different keys. The author speaks, for example, of E flat as "at once heroic and mild—'humane,'" and of E flat in a certain work as "not the key of Freemasonry but the key of intimate friendship." While the author makes clear that "with each composer one must consider the character of *his* keys," one can raise the question as to whether it is not the thematic and harmonic stuff itself which conveys the qualities referred to, rather than in any real sense the keys.

Another trace of apparent over-inference is occasionally found in the relation of details of style which the author suggests as existing between passages in Mozart and in works of certain other composers. Examples are cited in which a general community of style is readily discernible, but in which it would be hard to find evidence of the specific contact which the author implies.

G. S. Dickinson is professor of music at Vassar College.

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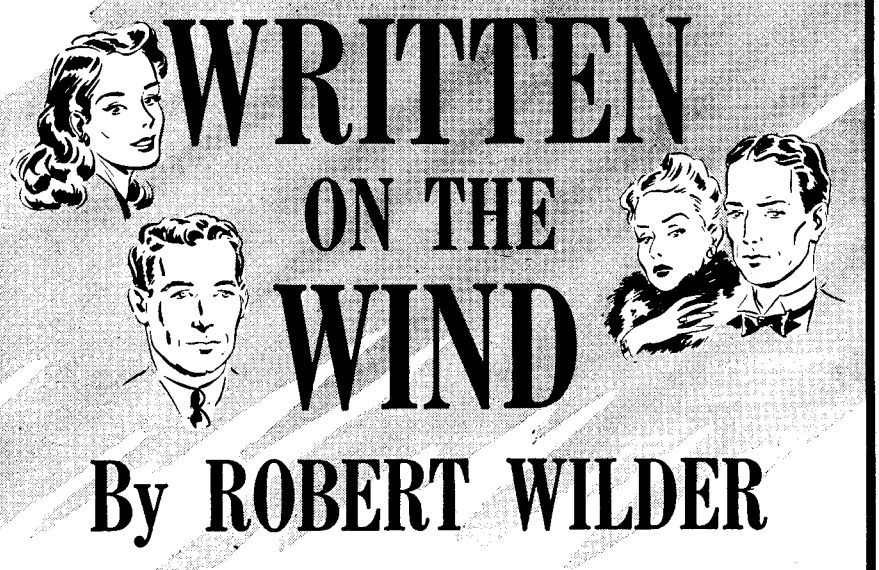

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* * * *

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

OUR Okinawa Lieutenant DCer, after "a four-day-never-to-be-forgotten holiday in Shanghai," was on the high seas homeward bound for Aberdeen, S. D., when he wrote to tell us of his good luck, so by the time this appears no doubt he has partaken of the fatted calf awaiting his return.

Do you recall the furor of a few years ago made by our purists over my use of that onomatopoeic word *tow-row*, labeled in WNI as "Colloq., meaning rumpus; noisy racketing," etc.? And how a good lady from Weston, Mass., saved my face by finding in "Kidnapped" the word in good usage? A note recently received from Anna M. Smith, St. Johnsbury, Vt., now quotes from Angela Thirkell's "Growing Up": "I couldn't manage Master John with people in the house, he's such a tow-row boy."

Speaking of definitions, as I myself am no authority I must rely on books that the years have attested as authoritative. So when I come across a find using an *h* in so short a word as *shedu* (No. 613) I seize it and pass it along to you. One definition of it in WNI is as I gave it from "Deut. Bib." But Steven Byington claims that "Biblical in a DC ought to mean the *English* Bible and that when you give a Hebrew word that is not found in the English Bible you ought to say *Heb.* and not *Bib.* But *shedu* isn't even Hebrew and doesn't occur in the Bible of any language, it is Assyrian (or, if you prefer, Babylonian). The Hebrew word found in Deuteronomy is the plural *shedium;* its singular is presumed to be *shed;* conceivably the right singular might be *shedi* (tho I do not know of anybody who thinks it was anything but *shed*), but *shedu* does not seem to be a possibility. Plain Assyrian." And S. B. in similar thoroughness writes that *owelty* is not a legal word for *equality* (I copied it from WNI), etc. I am most grateful for such exposition, though in my ignorance of what's what I shall no doubt be equally off the track often. But such erudition justifies my contention that my puzzlers are far wiser than am I.

Similarly L. R. Waldron, Fargo, N. D., enlightens me on the meaning of *worm, civet* as not a true cat, and *dolphin* as not a porpoise. When we were children my English father, a devotee of Herbert Spencer, used to frighten us in the midst of our conversation with him by declaring that he didn't understand such "loose adjustment of words to thought." Apparently I have backslidden.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 618

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

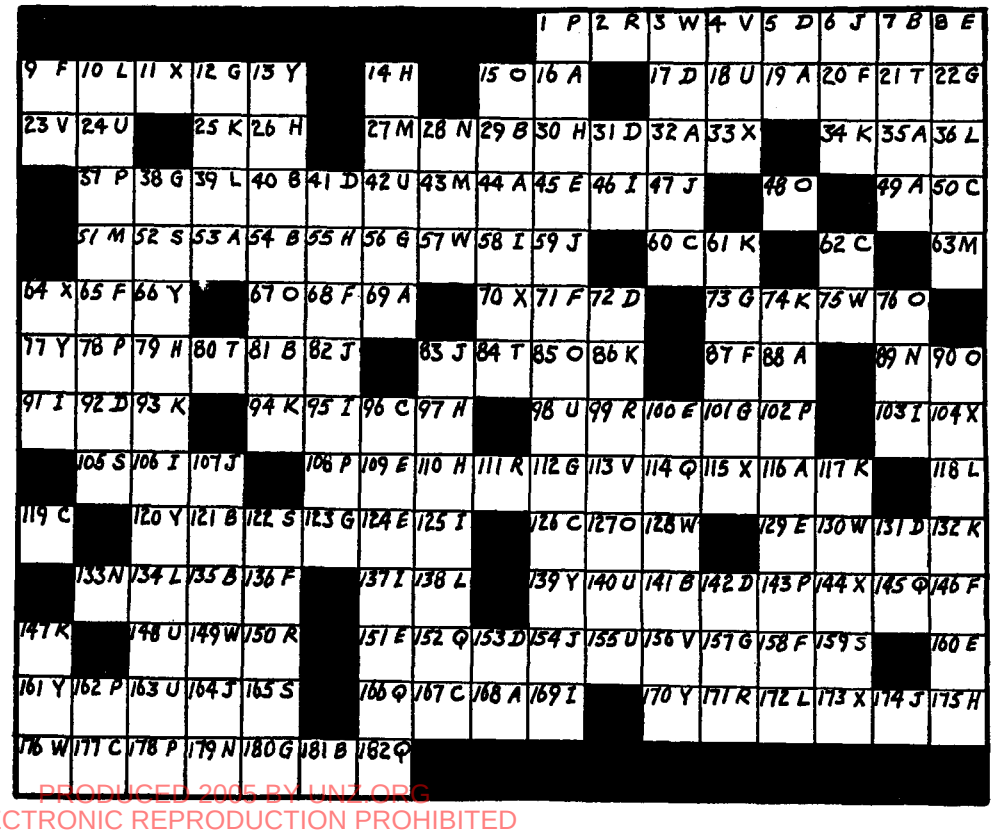
The solution of last week's *Double* Crostic will be found on page 45 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Act of playing with some one before tormenting or destroying him (Comp.)
B. Bag or case, usually of cloth, for carrying provisions on the march.
C. Simple incision (Surg.)
D. Conductor of a major philharmonic orchestra (U.S.)
E. American editor, author, columnist (1889-).
F. A violent East ndian storm, at the close or the setting in of the monsoon.
G. Another name for the Battle of Saratoga (Oct. 7, 1777).
H. A writing composed of words not having a certain letter, as *t, b,* etc.
I. Sausage-shaped.
J. Mother of the Muses by Zeus (Gr. Myth.)
K. Stupid; dull (Comp.)
L. To touch lightly; hence to affect, influence (Obs.)
M. A pert or forward girl or young woman.
N. American astronomer who discovered and named the two satellites of Mars (1829-1907).
O. American concert pianist and composer, exponent of futurism (1900-).
P. Battle in which Clovis defeated Alaric (507).
Q. The entire ankle (Anat.)
R. Child heroine of a George Eliot novel (1861).
S. Resonant; vibrant.
T. A muttonbird of New Zealand (*Puffinus griseus*).
U. Builds a nest.
V. A fancy case for small personal articles.
W. English field marshal, C.-in-C. British Egyptian Expeditionary Force, World War I (1861-1936).
X. In a manner expressive of sorrow, pity, or regret.
Y. English poet and man of letters (1774-1843; poet laureate 1813).

WORDS

53 49 88 44 32 116 16 168 35 19 69
121 54 81 7 29 141 40 181 135
62 167 96 60 126 119 50 177
72 31 17 131 5 41 92 142 153
45 100 151 160 129 124 109 8
136 158 146 20 68 71 65 9 87
22 101 180 157 12 73 56 112 123 38
97 14 55 26 175 79 110 30
137 58 46 91 169 106 103 95 125
83 154 82 6 174 107 47 164 59
34 132 117 61 94 74 25 93 86 147
10 118 36 134 138 39 172
43 27 51 63
179 28 89 133
15 85 67 127 90 48 76
178 37 108 78 143 102 162 1
114 152 145 166 182
150 99 111 171 2
122 105 52 165 159
21 84 80
140 18 24 163 155 42 148 98
23 4 156 113
130 75 176 128 3 57 149
173 64 70 104 115 144 11 33
77 161 139 120 170 66 13



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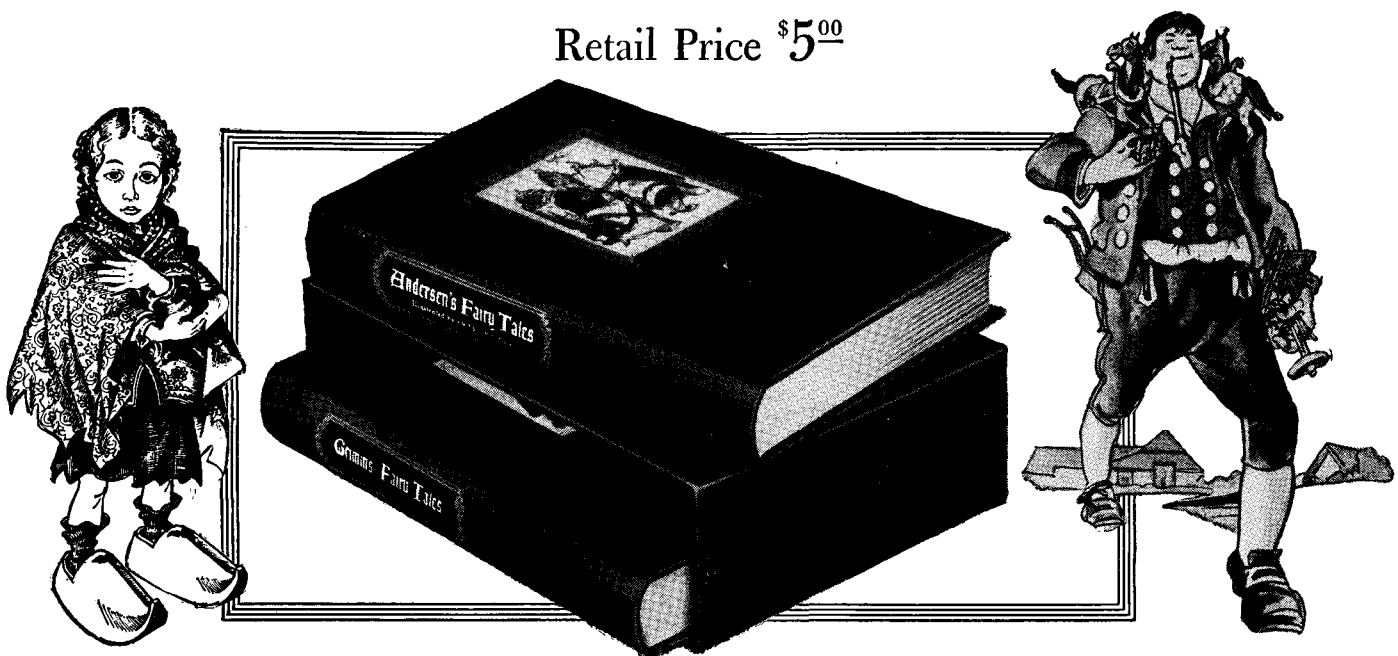

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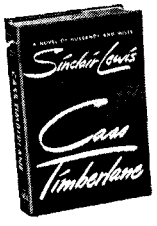

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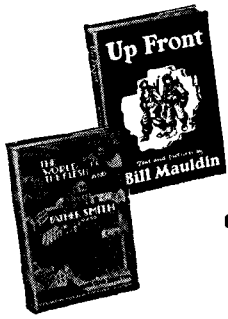

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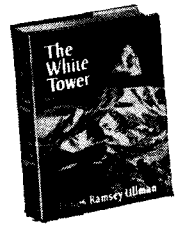

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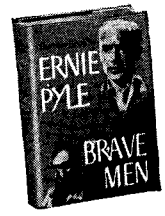

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